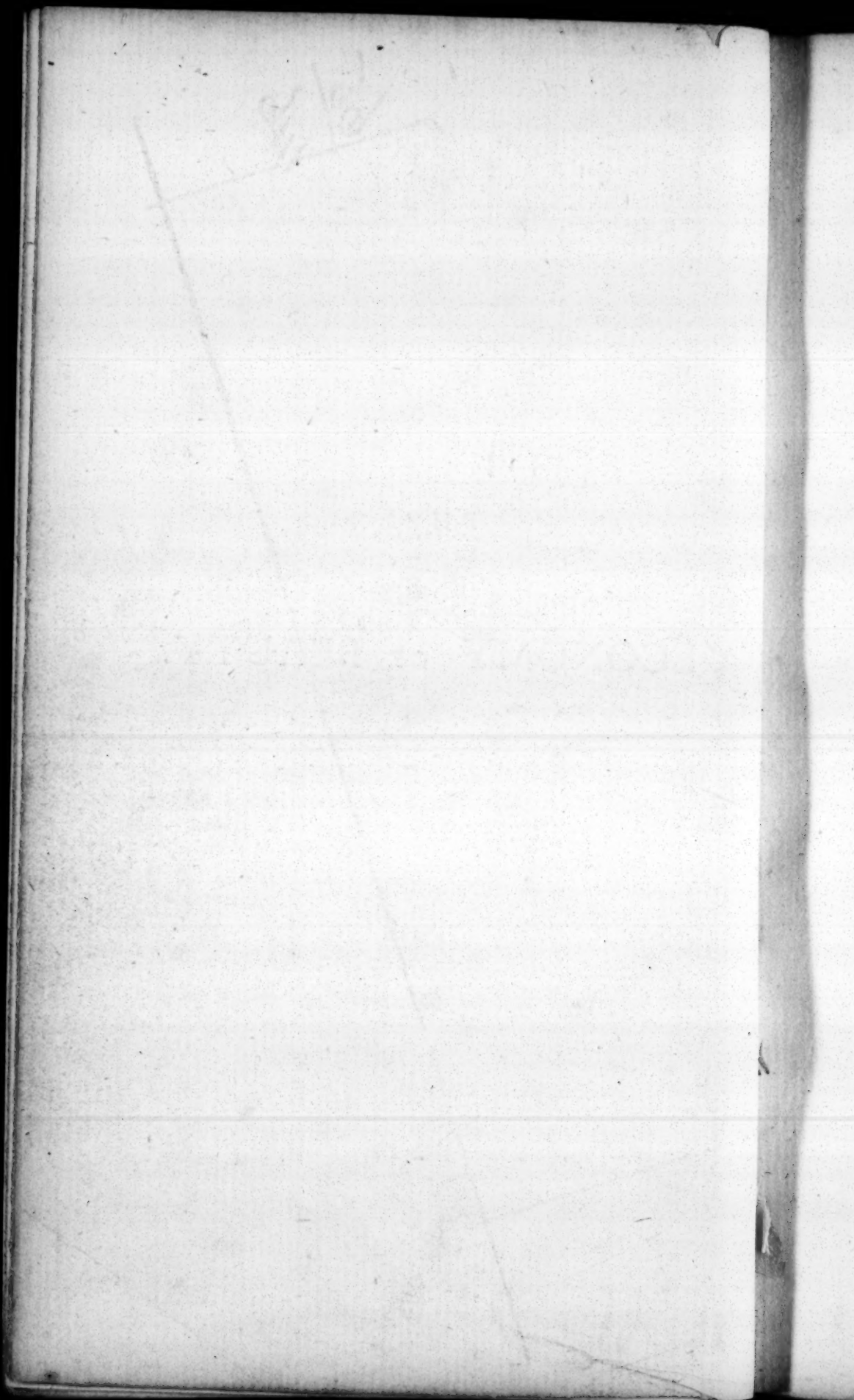


THE
ECONOMY OF BEAUTY.



THE
ECONOMY OF BEAUTY;

IN A SERIES OF

F A B L E S:

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

By Dr. COSENS,
MINISTER OF TEDDINGTON, MIDDLESEX; AND
CHAPLAIN TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF DENBIGH.

I claim the Attention of the *Ladies* and profess to teach an Art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the Prerogative of a few; an Art by which their predominant Passion may be gratified, and their Conquests not only extended but secured;—THE ART OF BEING PRETTY.

HAWKESWORTH.

D U B L I N:

Printed for Messrs. PRICE, W. WATSON, WHITE-STONE, CHAMBERLAINE, WILLIAMS, W. COLLES, POTTS, W. WILSON, ARMITAGE, WALKER, JENKIN, EXSHAW, WHITE, J. COLLES, HIGLY, HILLARY, BEATTY, KIDD.

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TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
CHARLOTTE, AUGUSTA, MATILDA,
PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND;
DEDICATION
OF
THE ECONOMY OF BEAUTY.

TO thee, FAIR EXCELLENCE! whose
face,
So early redolent of *grace*,
Confirms, illustrates, every hour,
The tale of Virtue's *plastic* power,
The meanest of the tuneful throng
Thus consecrates the moral song:

When all the *feathered folk* was good,
No beak or talon stained with blood,
The

DEDICATION TO

The birds in full assembly join
 ('Twas on the feast of *Valentine*)
 To marry and elect again
 Their REPRESENTATIVE to man—
 Deputed, while they formed the nest,
 His love to cherish for the rest—
 By every honourable art,
 Impress their value on his heart.
 So runs the *legend*, and relates
 The claim of all the *candidates*.

First walked the high-bred EAGLE
 forth,
 No creature but revered her worth ;
Minerva's bird in order came,
 And urged superior *wisdom's* claim ;
 The LARK maintained *poetic* rights,
 Demanding—who had higher flights?
 The PEACOCK dwelt on taste for *dress*,
 The MAGPIE skill in *languages*.
 If *dancing* had it's charms and use,
 'Twas asked, who court'ied like the
 GOOSE ?

The SWAN displayed her breast of
 snow,
 Her skill in *prophecy* the CROW ;

Of

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS. vii

Of *starry eyes* the PHEASANT told,
And *beads* of azure, gems, and gold.
But chief, o'er all the charmed vale,
Was heard the attic NIGHTINGALE,
She *music's* magic maze unravel'd :
The SWALLOW stood — for she had
travel'd.

The LAPWING last with plumy crest,
A very *Devonshire* of taste,
Where's their *Panache* ? exulting said,
And danced the meteors on her head.

Nor more ; for now the rival fair
With looks of hope addressed the *chair*.

An humble *Blackbird*, who could
boast

But guileless honesty at most,
Appointed *Speaker* for the day,
Heard every candidate display
Her claim, and thus attention draws ;
“ A moment, gentle creatures ! pause--
Reflect—our business is, to scan
The modes that harmonize with *man*,
Not merely what yourselves admire,
But what *his* state and taste require—
The

The kind companion, faithful friend,
 Who all the race may recommend.
 'Tis chiefly, therefore, our's to find
 The virtues of *domestic* kind—
 One, who content abroad can roam,
 Yet always happy when at home ;
 One, in whose modest eyes and air,
Benevolence and *truth* appear,
 That charm, *simplicity*, by sense
 Infused, and lamb-like *innocence* :
 Be these the beauties of her breast,
 And *constancy* to crown the rest.
 Could one be named, who joins them
 all,
 On her let every suffrage fall."

The DOVE! the DOVE! each tongue
 resounds,
 The *Dove*, the *Dove*, the vale re-
 bounds.
 The Dove appeared, had every voice,
 And hand and heart approved the
 choice.

SWEET DOVE OF HUMAN KIND ! 'tis thine
 The sex's manners to refine ;

Their

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS. ix

Their genuine dignity to place
On *virtue's* adamant base.

The mother, mistress, friend and wife,
Learn from thine HONOURED PARENT'S
life ;

To form thy breast to *good* and *fair*,
Study the living ethics there—
HER angel manners—see! they spread
More glories round HER sacred head,
To reach and rule the general heart,
Than consecrated crowns impart.

Benevolence, the brightest gem,
That sparkles in HER diadem,
The *urim* of HER soul—directs
In all she chuses, or rejects.
As some *intelligence* refin'd
Looks down with pity on mankind,
How does HER gracious bosom melt
O'er frailties, which SHE never felt!
To folly, not to fools severe,
For wretches ever had HER tear,
Worth all HER praise, the poor HER purse,
HER charity—the universe.

x DEDICATION, &c.

Here every grace and duty read
That wins the wife ; and oh, proceed
The REPRESENTATIVE approved
Of all that's lovely and beloved.

And haply, should these tales suggest
A single motive to thy breast,
Or but one dubious truth explain,
Thy *Blackbird* has not sung in vain ;
His simple lays may live, when fame
Shall blazon to the world thy name.

So when the peerless planet sheds
Her silver radiance o'er the meads,
Thro' the mild blaze, some keener sight
May mark the duteous satellite.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Specimen of this work was given about two years ago in the *ETHIC AMUSEMENTS*. The approbation it was then honoured with, encouraged the author to hazard the present publication. Little studious of profit or reputation—his utmost ambition will be gratified, if, by the suffrage of the wise and good, his name be inscribed among those, who have contributed towards the real improvement, or rational pleasure of his fair countrywomen.

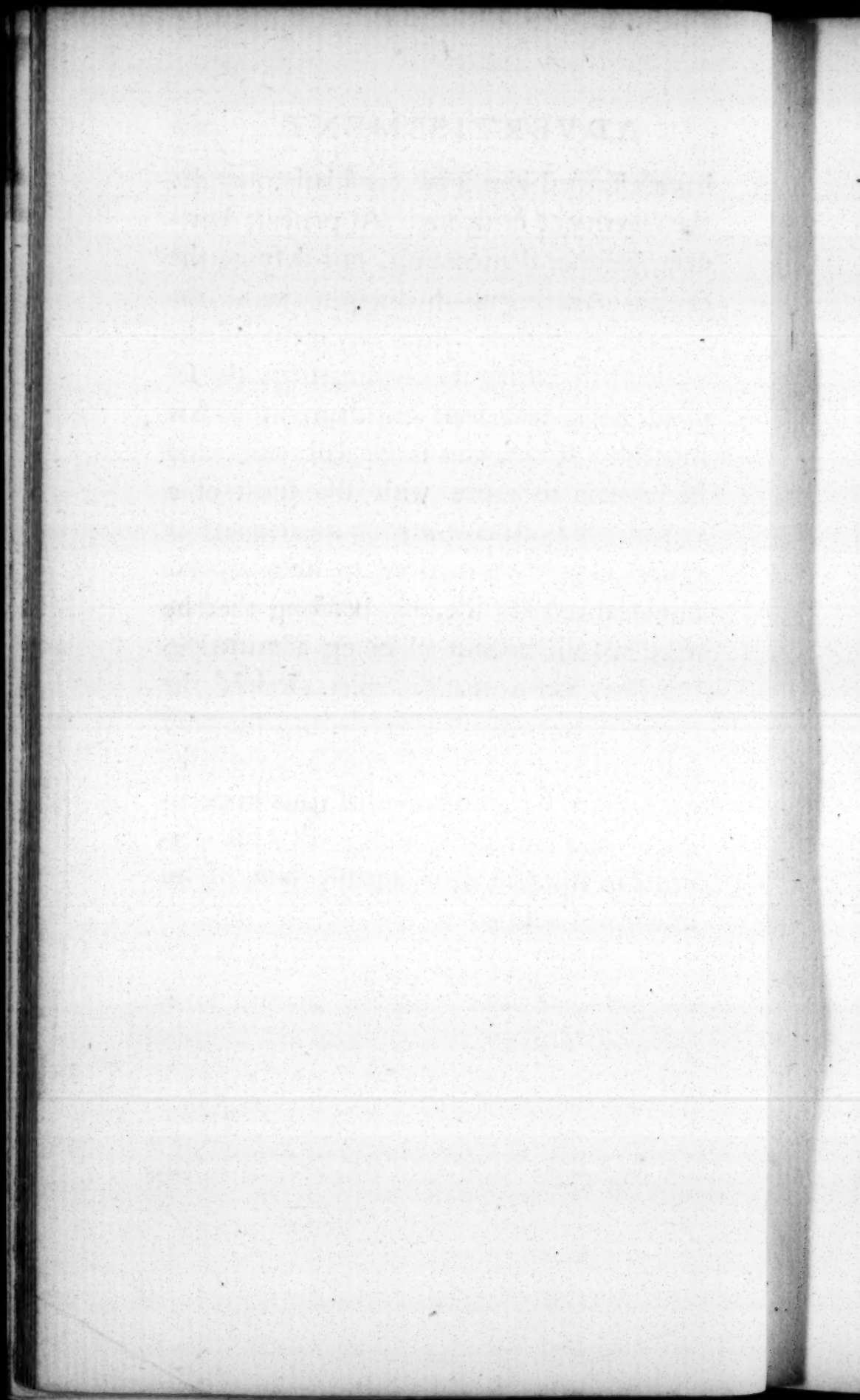
THAT PERSONAL BEAUTY IS, IN A HIGH DEGREE, DEPENDENT ON SENTIMENT AND MANNERS—is the great truth, which these poems are calculated to illustrate, and enforce. The advantages necessarily resulting from a general conviction of it, are evident—are of the most serious

rious importance. In polished life, the influence of the ladies, on the happiness and morals of society, has been universally felt and acknowledged. Beauty is among those qualities, which, as no lessons of wisdom have taught us to contemplate with indifference, so no effort of wit shall ever bring into contempt.

It is intended, as a further recommendation of this essay, to apprize the reader, that the outlines of most of the fables are sketched from that celebrated master, DE LA MOTTE. Indeed—to adopt the words of a great critic on a similar occasion——
“ Our author uses the *Gallic* poet for little
“ more than his canvas; if the old design
“ and colouring chance to suit his purpose,
“ it is well; if not, he employs his own
“ without scruple or ceremony.” He wrote for the amusement of his friends; it may perhaps appear he has published for that of his enemies. In such a situation, to have been less responsible, and capable of vindicating himself—as the mimic in *Pbædrus*—by producing the pig; might have

ADVERTISEMENT. xiii

have afforded him some consolation, under the severity of criticism. At present, however, neither deprecating, nor defying the critical Anathema—his appeal is to the LADIES; if their encouragement of the work shall justify its continuation, the second book will wait on them in a few months. If not, this is his last visit; and he intends to retire with the spirit of a certain old *Beau Garçon*—a retailer of cosmetics—who contrived to keep up his importance thro' life, by boasting that he once had the honour of being admitted to the *Lady SERAPHINA'S* toilet. Indeed, he confessed to particular friends, that she only sent for him up, to tell him she regarded all his art as pretence—his visits impertinent—and should therefore order her servants to shut the door against him, if he attempted another.



THE A R G U M E N T.

F A B L E I.

THE horrible custom of *exposing* children—imitated by those who neglect to give them a rational education—beauty dependent on moral sentiment—hence new arguments of the necessity of improving the mind—the danger of delaying it—ignorance, folly and vice alike inconsistent with mental and *corporeal* pulchritude. Not in the power of art to obliterate their effects—demonstrated in a dialogue between a young lady and her looking glass. Painting useless, foolish, destructive—immoral—a new cosmetic—confirmed in her errors by flattery, she lives disregarded—dies unlamented—general application.

F A B L E II.

DOMESTIC life the true sphere of female glory—the ineffable loveliness of merit there—particularly a good *mother* an object worthy the contemplation of angels—her benevolence—exaltation of mind—
heroic

heroic virtue—the true mother and the fashionable one contrasted, in a conversation between a PELICAN AND A SPIDER—address to *Coterieans, Pantheists, &c.* with a quære.

F A B L E III.

A RESPECTFUL apology to the gentlemen of the faculty—eulogy of that first friend of beauty, TEMPERANCE—a short catalogue of the things she does *not* want—wrinkle plaster—rouge—perfume—tincture of sage—perriwigs—Dr. Partridge—his almanacs—astrology—and physic. The folly and danger of making one sick to make one well. COLIN cured of the head-ach—general inference—*they that are whole need not the physician.*

F A B L E IV.

THE correspondence between the heart and the face—*rage, envy, malice*, their outlines visible in the countenance—not to be obliterated when once indulged—witness the memorable story of *Socrates* with the physiognomist. Hence the necessity of early cultivating the mind—the seeds of grace—filial piety—gratitude—love—pity—universal benevolence—chastity—friendship—religion—their several effects on the person—BEAUTY. The difference between that which is the result of education and sentiment, and
mere

mere corporal proportion, exemplified by two
lamps.

F A B L E V.

IN point of time, precept before example—the
simple elements or A, B, C, of beauty—these first
to be *got by heart*—afterwards living characters may
be studied with great advantage—the best way to be
a HIGH-FLIER in the regions of grace—an old case
in point explained. Recapitulation.

F A B L E VI.

THE dignity of the sex degraded by fondness for
trifling accomplishments—dancing among the lost arts
—a little necessary—much superfluous—if not worse.
Pride, on account of excellence in it, debases the
mind—gives a disgusting, silly turn to the countenance
and air—depraves the judgment, and may betray into
the most ridiculous and humiliating connexions. The
author's zeal in the cause, an over-match for his pru-
dence. The dancing master's review of the work by
anticipation—character of a thorough-paced one—
an Ox with a *Maggot* in his head.

F A B L E VII.

THE author's danger—safeguard—reward. Ob-
jections answered—eyes, cheeks, lips, rose and lilly
—not

—not beauty but capacity for it. Prometheus and his torch—woman's philosophy what—a receipt to make an everlasting bloom—worms in the bud, and how to kill them. The habit that suits every complexion. Some account of a lady that wore it morning, noon, and night. The right point of view; all in all. PHIDIAS Latin for WILTON, *Macaroni*, his taste—ode—&c. buys a bargain.

F A B L E VIII.

A READER of romances violently in love—a romantic description of his passion and of his idol, who after all, it seems, is not to be described—a pretty sprinkling of snow, ivory, suns, flames and darts—concludes without one compliment to her understanding. CLEORA, envies her beauty and its praise, while she overlooks better accomplishments of her own. A consolation after the small-pox—personal prettiness, without a corresponding mind, generally fatal to its owner. A ticket for the *Magdalen*. The *Lizard* has ocular demonstration of her folly—and sings a recantation.

F A B L E IX.

THE queen and her maids of honour—a tragi-comedy—*Dramatis Personæ*—a reasonable portion of beau eloquence—some very fine writing, which in
fourteen

fourteen majestic lines tells us—what might have been said in half as many words—The young ladies quarrelled which was the handsomest. A law-suit with proclamation in due form. The cause opened by a special pleader. An exhibit of a very singular nature. Concludes, like other law-suits, with the utter ruin of all parties concerned. An excellent caution if it be not something too late.

F A B L E X.

THE NEW SOUTHAMPTON GUIDE. The geography of the jest—a rising sun—conscious innocence—satisfied without tumultuous or expensive pleasures—a morning walk a greater improver of the complexion than cold cream or Spanish wool—a trip to NETLEY ABBEY—*Merlinda* a kind of Lancashire witch—her mighty powers exerted for a contemptible purpose. Serious application to certain characters in *Martyn's* long-rooms, a seasonable hint—that beauty may irretrievably forfeit its empire, by stooping to make conquests of the weak and worthless—in plain English, no lady can be handsome who deliberately sets her cap at a fool or a rake. A philosophic conclusion.

I

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INTRODUCTION.

THE

LOOKING-GLASS.

F A B L E I.

Let TRUTH and VIRTUE be their *earliest* teachers ;
Keep from their ear the Syren voice of *flattery*,
Keep from their eye the harlot form of *vice*,
Who spread in every court their filken snares,
And charm but to betray. BETIMES INSTRUCT
THEM. MALLETT.

WHAT horror thro' the bosom steals
When blushing *history* reveals
The inexpressive guilt of those,
Who wont their children to *expose* !

Poor,

V. 4. —*Children to expose.*] For some account of this inhuman custom, of casting out such children as they were unable or unwilling to educate ; See Potter's *Antiquities*. Vol. II. p. 333. And Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, Act III.

Poor, helpless babes!—On deserts cast,
 The sport of every taking blast— 6
 Fated, with houseless heads, to 'bide
 The pitiless pelting of each tide
 Of chilly rain ;—no covering given
 Against th' extremities of heaven ! 10

Ah! how shall they, ye parents, tell,
 The midnight's baneful dew repel,—
 The sun's meridian scorplings bear,
 The cold and heat's alternate war ;
 Who, ere abandon'd to the strife, 15
 Were doubtful candidates for life ?

Awhile, with thirst and hunger faint,
 Their inarticulate complaint
 Pierces the silent night.—In vain,—
 No ear is witness to their pain, 20
 Save the dull beast's of prey ;—he hears ;
 But ah ! the tender victim tears :
 Or spar'd by him, at least they starve,
 Unless a miracle preserve.

Oft as we read the tale of woe, 25
 The ready tears spontaneous flow,

Shame

OF BEAUTY. 23

Shame burns our cheek, and every feature

Speaks infamy to human nature,
Degenerate thus.

So mourns the *sage*,
So swells his breast with honest rage, 30
At those, who slight an equal charge,—
Trusting the infant *soul* at large,
Where storms of vice incessant roar,
Void of instruction's sacred lore—
Launch the frail bark on folly's tide, 35
Chart, helm, and ballast, all deny'd!

What mother but would beauty see
The portion of her progeny?
And what is beauty, understood?
Th' expression of some *moral good*; 40
'Tis

V. 40. "*Beauty—the expression of some moral good.*"]—The Platonic contemplators define beauty a formal grace, which delights and moves them to love, who comprehend it. This grace, say they, discoverable outwardly, is the splendor and ray of some *interior* and invisible beauty, and proceedeth from the forms of compositions amiable. Whose faculties,

'Tis by philosophers defin'd,
 An emanation of the mind,—
 A form and hue the grace within
 Gives to the features and the mien.
 As then by cultivation's care, 45
 Each virtue may be planted there ;
 Adorn the soul, true beauty's source,
 The face, its index, mends of course ;
 — Begin :

culties, if they can aptly contrive their matter, beget
 in the subject an agreeable and pleasing beauty.

BROWNE PSEUDODOX. EPIDEM.

—What chiefly pleases in the countenance, are the
 indications of *moral dispositions*.

HUTCHESON'S INQUIRY, &c.

As to that most powerful beauty in *countenances*,
airs, gestures, &c.—it arises from some imagined
indication of morally good dispositions of mind.

THE SAME.

“ If you make yourself such a character (says
 Epictetus, speaking of *moral* excellency, you will
 make yourself beautiful: but while you neglect these
 things, tho' you use every contrivance to appear
 beautiful, you must necessarily be deformed.”

Discourses of Epictetus by Miss Carter, B. III. Ch. I.

These explain the *Socratic* exhortation—ENDEA-
 VOUR TO MAKE YOURSELF BEAUTIFUL.

O F B E A U T Y. 25

Begin: convinc'd, by this deduction,
That loveliness infers instruction. 50

Yes, who the parent's duty stare,
Should watch, with unremitting care,
The dawn of reason, seize, with joy,
The golden opportunity ;
And strive by every various art, 55
To grave upon the yielding heart
The rules of life.---So short the season
Of truly free, unbias'd reason ;
Defer your lesson but an hour,
They're gone beyond instruction's pow'r,
And, ere *suspicion* is aware, 61
Error and vice the bosom share ;---
Distort the features, and impress,
With odious signatures, the face :---
On your authority they trample, 65
Confirm'd by flattery, and example.

As CHLOE study'd at her glass,
That galaxy of charms, her face,
The modest MIRROR blush'd to view
Her cheek's adulterated hue. 70
Her forehead---where the *Graces* stray'd,
And virgin innocence display'd

B

Her

26 THE ECONOMY.

Her lovely banners, where the mind
 Wrote all her sentiments refin'd--
 He saw, and sicken'd at the sight, 75
 One dull, unmeaning waste of white.
 By fops besieg'd, her early youth
 Was stranger to the laws of truth,---
 That genuine beauty né'er was seen
 Where *Nature* rul'd not sovereign queen;
 Nature and beauty still the same, 81
 They differ merely in the name.
 Conscious of this, the faithful *mirror*
 Attempted to correct her error.

He own'd, indeed, that custom's rules
 (But custom was the law of fools) 86
 Might justify her weak endeavour;
 But all the wise and good, for ever,
 Would

V. 81. *Nature and beauty the same.*]---- That which is the most showy and splendid, is not therefore the most beautiful and amiable. The *bees*, which supply us both with *light* and *sweetness*, do not appear so pretty, to some, as *Spanish flies*, which under their *faux-brilliant*, conceal a mortal poison. Whence 'tis not a painted, and seeming beauty that reaches our desires, but a simple and natural one, COMMUNICATED FROM THE SOUL TO THE BODY, and irresistibly charming, when attentively considered.
 DE VENETTE.

OF BEAUTY. 27

Would view with scorn, at least with pity,
A face elaborately pretty.--- 90

Vow'd to offend her he was loth,
But falshood and imposture both,
Might claim dominion o'er her heart,
Who smil'd, wept, blush'd by rules of art ;
Nay, her whole life, the four would cry, 95
Was one great, universal lye.---

Of painted sepulchres would bruit,
And Sodom's meretricious fruit.

Th' ensanguin'd robe (he said and sigh'd)
By which the world's great master dy'd, 100
Struck not a deadlier plague within,
Than her own medicated skin.

Witness--each fair as heart could wish her--
Witness my *C-v-ntry*, and *Fisher* :

To paint the rose, and bleach the lilly, 105
(Perish such arts profane and silly !)

This was their aim : The *Graces* flew,
And *Nature*, as they daub'd, withdrew,
'Till warn'd in vain by teeth and breath,
They beautify'd themselves to death. 110

B 2

Trust

V. 100. ---*The World's great master.*]---Hercu-
les, who was poisoned by a shirt, dipped in the blood
of the Centaur, Nessus.

Trust your own eyes, be these your
warning,
What is the *Pist*?---ask every morning,
Pale, fallow, spiritless and dead,
The ghost of her that went to bed.

A mind at ease, with virtue fraught, 115
A face illumin'd by generous thought---
Add temperance and early rising---
And all the *Coterie*'s devising
Thou need'st not : beauty ever took
Her best cosmetic from the brook. 120
So hints, perhaps, the poet's dream
Of *Venus* rising from the stream.

Addicted as she was to error,
She now look'd back with shame and ter-
ror,
A transitory beam of light 125
Fell on her soul ;---she own'd him right ;
Convinc'd, condemn'd, his rule believ'd,
And wept, for once, because---she griev'd.
Good Heav'ns ! she cry'd, is this my fate
Only to please the fools I hate ? 130

And

And have I then, in wisdom's eye,
 Adorn'd me to deformity?
 How slept my mother's love?---Oh! where
 My father's friendship or his care,
 To trust me with myself so young? 135
 No rule to teach me right from wrong,---
Fashion my guide, my law became,---
 Fashion and truth to me the same.
 My tears may purify my skin,
 But what shall cleanse the stains within? 140
 Hypocrisy's foul varnish there
 Defiles my soul and will adhere,
 Indelible by all my care. }
 When affectation forms a creature,
 Whose arts are any thing but nature, 145
 Where shall the arduous task commence,
 To bring her back to common sense?

She paus'd, resolving to begin,
 When FLORIO was announc'd---came in,
 And bow'd and flatter'd;---call'd her face
 The sofa of each love and grace; 151
 Talk'd of her clear, transparent skin,
 And native elegance of mien.
 At first she frown'd but the fly elf
 Soon reconcil'd, her to herself. 155

But

30 THE ECONOMY, &c.

But when he prais'd her wit and taste,
Her morning-lecture, quite effac'd,
Her own resolves, that afternoon,
Flew both together to the moon.

At length, not even by fops admir'd, 160
Poor Chloe from the world retir'd,
Where all that history has supply'd,
Is,---that she play'd at cards,-- and dy'd.

Happy, who from another's sorrow,
A caution for herself shall borrow. 165

Ye British fair! for friendship's sake,
This trinket to your toilet take;
To dress the mind as well as face,
Our fables are the looking-glass;
What *habits* to reject, or wear, 170
Useful and useless, foul and fair,
They at a single glance will shew t'ye—
THE WHOLE ECONOMY OF BEAUTY.

THE

V. 163. —*Play at cards,—and dy'd.*]

———— But why already prone
To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?
O shame! O pity, nipt with pale *Quadrille*,
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

ARMSTRONG.

T H E
P E L I C A N A N D S P I D E R .

F A B L E I I .

Of children nursed by their own mothers, it has been observed, that they more generally resemble their parents, than such as are delivered over to strangers. And let it be remembered, that the face of a lovely woman is never illuminated by such irresistible tenderness, as when she is employed in that holy office. He therefore that can prevail on the ladies to revive this duty, bids fair to improve the beauty of the present, and of future generations.

RICHARDS.

T H E sphere of mild, domestic life,
A daughter, mother, mistress, wife,
Who fills approv'd, shall live in story,
And gain the height of female glory.

To you,—believe an honest song— 5
The *charities* of life belong ;
Those gentler offices, that bind
The social ties of human-kind :
All praises, but for these, decry ;
And fame is blasting infamy. 10

But

32 THE ECONOMY

But chief o'er all, ye wiser fair,
The MOTHER's sacred charge revere.—
Pure, heart-ennobling, blest employ !
Which saints and angels lean with joy
To view from Heaven ;—which can dis-
pense 15
O'er all the soul their own benevolence.

Hail, holy task !—'tis thine t' impart
More virtues to the melting heart :—
Such heights of moral grace to reach,
As proud philosophy could never teach. 20

Maternal love !—the iron-soul'd
Melt at thy touch ; the coward, bold
Become

V. 22. *The coward bold become*]— The great poet of nature has touched this sentiment with exquisite beauty.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young ;
And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings,
Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?

Become at once ;—thro' rocks will force ;—
Nor flood, nor fire can stop their course ;—
Will brave the Lybian lion wild, 25
Should danger threat the favourite child.

Is there, whom fashion, pride, or pleasure,
Tempts to forget the living treasure ?——
Who to her own indulgence grants
That care, or cost, her infant wants ? 30
What wonder should the sage insist
She yields in STORGE to a beast,
The good abhor, the wit deride her,
And read her history in the *Spider* ?——
Who trusts her nursing to another,
A parent she ;—but not a mother.

B 5

Beneath

V. 32. *Storge*—*natural love and affection.*] The tender and careful nursing of children, is the first and most natural duty incumbent upon parents. And there cannot be a greater reproach to creatures that are indued with reason, than to neglect a duty, to which Nature directs even the brutes.—It cannot be neglected without a downright affront to Nature.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON, Vol. I. 606.

Beneath a venerable shade,
 The pious PELICAN had made
 Her humble nest ;—with rapture there
 Incessant ply'd the mother's care. 40
 From night to morn, from morn to night,
 Not more her duty, than delight,
 To watch the tender, chirping brood,
 Protect them, and provide their food.
 At dewy eve, at morning's spring, 45
 Soft canopy'd beneath her wing
 They slept secure ;—herself sustains,
 Patient, the cold, and drenching rains,
 Nor felt, nor fear'd the furious storm,
 Her callow nestlings dry and warm. 50
 Whate'er her early search supplies,
 Deny'd her own necessities,
 She gave her young, and prov'd from
 thence
 The luxury of abstinence.
 In vain the *concert* in the grove, 55
 In vain the wing'd *assembly* strove
 To tempt her from the nursery's care,
 Her music and her mirth was there.

Thus

Thus liv'd she, till one fatal day,
 Doom'd all her virtues to display, 60
 What time the morning's wish'd supply
 Eludes her utmost industry.

She fish'd the brook ;—she div'd the main,
 Search'd hill and dale, and wood in vain ;
 Not one poor grain the world affords, 65
 To feed her helpless hungry birds.

What should she do?—ah! see they
 faint ;——

With unavailing, weak complaint,
 These dearer than her vital breath,
 Resign to famine's lingering death? 70
 The thought was frenzy.——No ;——she
 press'd

Her sharp beak on her own kind breast,
 With cruel piety, and fed
 Her wondering infants as she bled.

“ Accept,

V. 74. *Fed her wondering infants, &c.*] In every
 place we meet with the picture of the Pelican, opening
 her breast with her bill, and feeding her young ones,
 with

36 THE ECONOMY

"Accept, she cry'd, dear, pretty
crew! 75

"This sacrifice to love and you."

"Mad fool, forbear," exclaim'd a SPI-
DER,

That indolently loung'd beside her;

"This horrid act of thine evinces

"Your ignorance of courts and princes. 80

"Lord, what a creature!—tear thy neck
fast,

"To give thy peevish brats a breakfast!

"Hadst thou among the great resided,

"And mark'd their manners well, as I
did,—

"The mother's milk, much less her blood,

"Is ne'er the well-born infant's food. 86

Why

with the blood distilling from her. This hath been as-
serted by many holy writers, and was an hieroglyphic
of piety, and pity, among the Egyptians; on which
consideration, they spared them at their tables.

PSEUDODOX. EPIDEM.

The *Pelican* has a peculiar tenderness for its young,
and is supposed to admit them to suck blood from its
breast.

CALMET.

- “ Why there’s my lady OSTRICH now,
 “ Who visits in the vale below,
 “ Knows all the fashion on this head :
 “ Soon as her la’ship’s brought to-bed, 90
 “ She,—else the birth would prove her
 “ curse—
 “ Gives it the elements to nurse,
 “ ’Tis true, some accident may hurt it,
 “ Its limbs be broken, and distorted,
 “ Admit there’s chance it does not live——
 “ Pleasure is our prerogative. 96
 “ And

V. 87. *Lady OSTRICH*——] On the least noise, or trivial occasion, she forsakes her eggs, or her young ones : to which perhaps she never returns ; or if she does, it may be too late either to restore life to the one, or to preserve the lives of the others. The *Arabs* often meet with a few of the little ones, no bigger than well-grown pullets, half-starved, straggling, and *moaning about, like so many distressed orphans for their mother.*

SHAW’S TRAVELS.

V. 92. *Gives it the elements to nurse.*] She leaveth her eggs in the earth---and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers ; her labour is in
 vain

38 THE ECONOMY

“ And brooms and brushes be my ruin !
 “ Ere in a nest I’d sit a stewing——
 “ Or, for my duty’s sake, forsooth,
 “ To nursing sacrifice my youth ;— 100
 “ Ere let my brats my flesh devour ;
 “ I’d eat them up a score an hour.”

Foul fiend—the lovely *martyr* cry’d,
 Avaunt! thy horrid person hide ;
 Folly and vice thy soul disgrace, 105 }
 ’Twas these, not *Pallas*, spoil’d thy face, }
 And sunk thee to the reptile race. • }

Yes,

in vain without fear ; because God hath deprived her
 of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her under-
 standing. JOB xxxix.

They have so little brains, that *Heliogabalus* had
 six hundred heads for his supper.

DR. YOUNG.

V. 106—*Not Pallas spoil’d thy face.*] See Ovid’s
 Metamorphosis, beginning of Book VI. the transfor-
 mation of *Arachne* into a spider, translated by Dr.
 Croxal.

This race of beings may be easily distinguished by
 their pride, self-conceit, and utter impatience of all
 advice.

Yes, thy own bowels hung thee there---
 A felon, out of Nature's care---
 'Twixt Heaven and Earth, abhorr'd of
 both, 110
 Emblem of selfishness and sloth.

Ye *Coterieans*! who profess
 No business but to dance and dress,
Pantbeists! who no God adore,
 Housewives, that stay at home no more, 115
 Wives without husbands, mothers too,
 Whom your own children never knew,
 Who

advice. Ovid introduces one of them answering the
 Goddesses of wisdom herself in this manner.

Thou doating thing! whose idle babbling tongue
 But too well shews the plague of living long;
 Hence! and reprove with this your sage advice
 Your giddy daughter, or your awkward niece;
 Know, I despise your counsel, and am still---
 A woman ever wedded to my will.

CROXAL.

What then must a poor poet expect from the mo-
 dern *Arachnes*?---if there be any such among us.

V. 112. *Coterieans, Pantbeists, &c.*] It is impos-
 sible to guess what particular people are here addressed
 by

40 THE ECONOMY, &c.

Who less the blessed sun esteem
Than lamps and tapers' greasy gleam ;
Ye morning gamesters, walkers, riders,
Say, are you PELICANS or SPIDERS ? 121

by the author. The geographical dictionaries, ancient and modern, have been searched in vain. It has been thought, when we are favoured with fuller accounts of the island of *Otabita*, and its inhabitants, the difficulty may be removed. For my own part, however, judging from the *singularity* of their manners, I am apt to suspect they are particular casts of those very extraordinary people, the HOTTENTOTS.

SLAWKENBERGIUS.

THE

THE
DOCTOR.

FABLE III.

The first physicians by *Debauch* were made,
Excess began, and SLOTH sustains the trade ;
By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food,
Toil strung their nerves, and purify'd their blood ;
The wise, for health, on EXERCISE depend---
GOD NEVER MADE HIS WORKS FOR MAN TO
MEND. DRYDEN.

CHILDREN of Galen ! fellows regular,
And ye, whom Warwick's double bolts exclude
From medicinal honours ! born, perchance,
Crime irremissible !---Where *Tueda's* cold,
Anti-baptismal waters wash away 5
From every creature every sign of grace,
And virtuous quality ; oh ! spare, forgive
A muse, that dares, with trembling voice,
to speak
The

V. 2. *Warwick*]---Physician's College, in Warwick lane, London.

V. 4. *Tueda*---] The River Tweed.

42 THE ECONOMY

The praises of a foe,---STRONG TEMPERANCE.

Her votaries ne'er conven'd, in deep consult, 10

Or you or you;---ne'er touch'd with golden meed

Your palms, instinct with spirit, which, like the gates

Of gloomy Dis, are open night and day.

Thee, temperance, thee the saint, the sage obeys,

Thee, the lone eremite; firm-sinew'd health, 15

And young-ey'd joy, and rosy-featur'd beauty,

Dance in thy train---thee suffer'd to preside

Over her meals and sleep, the virgin needs No strong *tetanolthrum*, Parisian rouge,

False perfume for her breath, or tincture fam'd 20

Of youth-restoring SAGE, " with cautions fold

" More

V. 20. *Tetanolthrum*]—A medicine to take away wrinkles.---

“ More than good men can think expedient.”---She,
By lavish Nature deck’d, nor wants, nor wears
The wig’s stupendous architecture stiff.

Guardian of human-kind!---'tis thine to mix 25

The phycic of the soul ;---*chimæras* dire
And moping *melancholy*, *megrin* black,
And *hypochondria*, undefined plague!
Hysterie’s ever-varying form, the child
Of sloth and curst *bohea* (as goblins red 30
At voice of matin-chaunting chanticleer)
Fade at thy power, and all is health and
peace.

Who bear the parent’s honour’d name,
from her,
Her only, hope or health, or decent
strength,
Your children’s lot.---Beware of luxury! 35
Should the high *Calipach*, or *Calipee*,
Rich aldermannic food be to their taste
Indulg’d; should sloth intrude within the
bourn

Of

44 THE ECONOMY

Of nursery, there the doctor and disease
Are frequent visitants:—but where ex-
cess 40

Ne'er shew'd her bloated visage; say, ye
crew!

Of fabling beldams! vers'd in almanac
Of twice-dead *Partridge*, leach, astrologer,
Why, when mild, autumn spreads her
yellow robe,

Or spring replumes the zephyr,---why pre-
dict 45

To trembling mothers the disease or death
Of their untainted girls; unless the draught,
Cathartic or emetic, grievous both

To mortal taste, poison their loathing bow-
els?

Is sickness then the source of health?---
can art 50

Blind, bungling art reform the works of
God?---

Read and abjure the impious doctrine.

Once

V. 43. —*twice-dead Partridge*]---See the accom-
plishment of the first of Mr. Bickerstaff's predictions,
being an account of the death of Mr. Partridge, the
almanac-maker.

SWIFT'S *Miscellanies*, Vol. I.

Once

Astrology and physic, both possess'd,
 Ill-fated wretch! one mortal's addled head,
 'Twas as he ply'd his traffic with the stars, 56
 At noon of night, he read, or seem'd to
 read,
 Himself, and favourite knave, hight COLIN,
 then
 Ruddy with youthful lustihood, should dye
 Both in one day,-----what chilly horror
 smote 60
 His trembling bosom!---Now how dear the
 life
 Of COLIN to the doating sopher!

Secluded from the halesome breeze of
 Heav'n,
 And e'en domestic exercise forbid,
 Lest colds obstruct his perspiration, he, 65
 With

V. 58.— *Favourite knave, servant, footman.*—]

So if my man must praises have,

What then must I that keep the *knave*?

SIR PHIL. SIDNEY.

V. 59. *Lustihood, or Lustibed.*---] Vigour, spright-
 linefs, corporal ability.

46 THE ECONOMY

With passive stomach, takes whate'er of
 gums,
 Fossil, or mineral, or virtuous plant,
 The master's mind, sagacious, could pre-
 scribe
 For health-preserving power:---nor wanted
 here
 Blister or clyster, or chirurgic aid 70
 Of cool *phlebotomy*:---Yet just when art
 Survey'd her work, triumphant, and pro-
 nounc'd
 The patient fortify'd at every point,
 With adscititious health, impregnable,
 And dos'd for immortality; the boy, 75
 Most contumacious boy! in art's despatch,
 Dy'd of the Doctor.-----

Trembles th' astonish'd leach;---despair
 suspends

His

V. 77. *Dy'd of the Doctor.*] A disease well known
 in Italy, ever since that celebrated epitaph was in-
 scribed on the monument of a Valetudinarian; STA-
 VO BEN, MA PER STAR MEGLIO, STO QUI. On
 which Mr. *Addison* observes, that the fear of death
 often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to
 save their lives, which infallibly destroy them.

His every faculty, and near fulfill'd
 Instant his own prediction.---“ COLIN’S
 life, 80

“ By adamantine links of fate with mine
 “ Concatenate, is rest for ever.---Yes!
 “ I see the griesly fiend, inexorable,
 “ Invite me to his cold embrace.---I come,
 “ Pale tyrant, I submit.---And oh! (he
 raves) 86
 “ Ye stars, and planets, affable no more,
 “ Shut up your houses;---sweet *Hygeia*,
 thou,
 My bosom’s other mistress!---all adieu!”

Yet while the hour, his only hour of
 life, 90
 Still pour’d the streaming sand, eftsoons he
 gave---
 Strange to relate! refunded many a fee,
 Accepted nothing-loath.-----And now he
 waits
 Th’

V. 88. *Hygeia*.---] The goddess of health, and
 daughter of *Æsculapius*.

V. 91. *Eftsoons*.---] Soon afterwards, in a short
 time, again.

48 THE ECONOMY

Th' expected stroke of death.---But hour
to hour, 94
And day to day succeeds; nor yet he feels,
Surpris'd, the moment of the fatal star.

At length *Apollo* pluck'd his ear, and
prov'd
From his own life, and hapless COLIN's
death,
The vanity of both his honour'd arts.

Where health resides not beauty never
blooms: 100
Nor can the mind, artificer of grace,
Exert her plastic powers, where *pain* dis-
torts,
Or th' uncreative hand of fell *disease*
Has petrify'd the subject body, then
Of beauty's seal incapable. But these, 105
Not instant yet, weak timid man
Invites by fearing, and by flying courts.

By

V. 96. *Moment of the fatal star.*] Force or
stroke.

By reason's ballance, not *Sanctorius'*
chair

Of ounces, grains and scruples, weigh your
life;

Be temperate, and leave the rest to Hea-
ven,

110

T' enjoy is to be grateful; what to-morrow
May possible produce, cease thou to ask,
Nor be CADOGAN'D into want and woe.

V. 108. *Sanctorius' chair.*] A certain mathema-
tical chair, which was so artificially hung upon springs,
that it would weigh any thing as well as a pair of
scales. By this means he discovered how many ounces
of his food passed by perspiration, what quantity of
it was turned into nourishment, and how much went
away by the other channels and distributions of nature.

SPECTATOR.

THE
T W O L A M P S.

F A B L E IV.

———— Thus doth beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, ev'n in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind.---
MIND, MIND alone, bear witness earth and hea-
ven !

The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime : here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the graces ; here inthron'd,
Cœlestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.

AKINSIDE.

ERE yet hypocrisy and art
Have wrap'd in treble brags the heart---
The natural intercourse suppress
Between the countenance and breast ;
Each motion of the mind we trace, 5
By her interpreter, the face.

Rage, envy, malice, 'tis agreed,
Are passions he that runs may read ;

These

OF BEAUTY. 51

These on the passive forehead make
Impressions that we can't mistake, 10
Changing the human face divine---
A NERO for an ANTONINE.

Ev'n *Socrates* himself confess'd,
Tho' wisdom had reform'd his breast,
No after study could efface 15
The lineaments of vile and base;
Such once he was, and these were seen
Indelible in look and mien :
Proofs that deformity proclaim
Moral and *personal* the same. 20

These warn the parent to commence,
With the first orient dawn of sense,
The work of beauty : now begin
To sow the seeds of *grace* within,
While, guiltless of a weed, the soil 25
With all its powers may bless your toil.

First *filial piety* impart,
With *gratitude* inform their heart,
And *love* for you ; these rooted there
Shall bloom o'er all their face and air :--- 30

52 THE ECONOMY

The features melt, and each be deckt
With lovely meekness and respect.

Let *pity* be an early theme ;
Ah! teach the decent tear to stream
For other's woe : a *selfish* mind 35
The whole hard countenance will bind,
And petrify---a fullen gloom
Spreading o'er nature's fairest bloom,---
The eye sinks dead, the cold blood streaks,
Ineloquent, the frozen cheeks. 40
But let *benevolence* controul,
Dilate, and dignify the soul,
The face, illumin'd by the mind,
(Angels are fair because they're kind)
With ever-varying grace is found 45
To beam light, life, and love around.
It tunes the voice, and every tone
Is *Philomela's* warbled moan.

What colours shall the muse supply
To paint the phraseless dignity, 50
The awful, yet engaging mien
Of injur'd innocence, within,
And conscious worth? by Heaven's intent
At once their guard and ornament.

So

OF BEAUTY.

53

So on some meadow's banky side, 55
Where *Flora* reigns in artless pride,
The same rich beam, that *shews* the bloom,
Creates the colour and perfume.

Soon as fair *friendship's* holy spell
Has taught the little heart to swell, 60
To every feature 'twill supply
A corresponding harmony,---
Cast the whole countenance a-new,
Tho' softening, yet ennobling too.

But chief, *devotion's* hallow'd duties 65
Must crown and beautify their beauties :
Hence, redolent of joy serene,
Divine love's elevated mien ;
Hence peace and genuine honour spread
Their blended glories round the head ;
Hence the meek eye with hope replete,
Yet beaming with a seraph's heat.
Th' Elysian glow, and every grace
Thron'd in the true *Madonna* face.

So, poets feign, *Prometheus* stole 75
From HEAVEN his animating coal.

Parent !

Parent ! ere yet their features fix,
 Or folly with the heart can mix,---
 For in a tainted vessel pour'd,
 The generous infusion's four'd--- 80
 By these thy arts ; their souls refine,
 And all the *Calipædia*'s thine :
 For virtue's self (so *Plato* thought)
 To visible existence brought,---
 This, this is beauty---must be so, 85
 Or beauty's but a name below.
 A suiting body it creates,
 Pervades, illumes, assimilates.

Thus the warm virgin-wax receives
 Th' impression, that the signet gives : 90
 Now a chaste *vestal* seems, and now
 The goddess of the painted bow ;
 Now bears aloft the plumy crest,
 And all *Minerva* stands confest ;
 Now the majestic wife of *Jove*, 95
 And now the queen of grace and love ;---
 Her faery Cupids hovering round,
 With tiny shafts prepar'd to wound,
 Sportive

V. 82. *Calipædia*—] A Latin poem so called,
 teaching the art of having beautiful children.

Sportive o'er all her person straying,
 Now on her cheek, or bosom playing, 100
 Now in her beamy eyes they meet,
 Ambrosian hands, or silver feet.

'Twas at a *miser's* cold abode,
 Two *chrystal urns* survey'd the road ;
 This shone (while that was void and damp)
 Conscious of oyl and fire---a LAMP. 106
 For shew he plac'd them nothing loath,
 But ah! th' expence to light them both,
 He saw by calculation clear,
 At this *per* day was that *per* year. 110

The *beamless* vase, when night prevail'd,
 Her unimportance thus bewail'd :
 Too partial fate! why doom to me
 This odious, dull obscurity?
 Here many a tedious night I've hung, 115
 Nor blest'd by old, nor prais'd by young,
 To me scarce one kind glance is given ;
 While like the moon, that *lamp of bea-*
ven,

My sister of congenial glafs,
 Wins all the hearts of all that pass. 120
 Suppose

56 THE ECONOMY

Suppose her station they revere,
 I boast the same exalted sphere,
 Do they with awe her *crown* behold,
 Her dress with blue distinct with gold?
 These gave her not superior fame, 125
 Her ornaments and mine the same.
 'Tis not her easy shape and air,
 Her swelling bosom heavenly-clear,
 Her smother polish, brighter hue;
 No; for in these we're hardly two. 130

Yet while he sits triumphant by,
 The *Cynosure* of every eye,
 I'm seen, if seen, with scorn alone,
 May fall unmis'd, or stand unknown.
 Speak, dotards! speak, the difference shew,
 Or own caprice rules all below.

Sister, forbear, the other cry'd,
 To tell the world you're mortify'd.
 Envy no votaries shall gain,
 It scarce has pity for its pain. 140

'Tis

V. 132. *The Cynosure*.---] The North Star, by
 which sailors steer their ships.

'Tis not not indeed my fairer frame,---
No native excellence I claim ;

'Tis not my body's happier mold,
More polish'd pure, or rich with gold :
In these one character's our due, 145
You fair as I, I frail as you.

And yet while you neglected sit,
Or but the theme of taunting wit,
I fix the traveller's ardent gaze,
Have all his blessing, all his praise. 150

What can this different treatment win ?
Sure, sister, 'tis THE LIGHT WITHIN.

THE
YOUNG EAGLE.

F A B L E V.

It is an irremediable disadvantage to young people, to be introduced to the world too soon. Void of principles and judgment, they are every moment in danger of contracting bad habits by imitation.--First therefore impress upon their minds an adequate idea of what is really amiable and graceful; and they will naturally attach themselves to the *best* examples, and, under their influence, easily reduce the rule to practice.

ANON.

BELINDA, theme of every song,
In age a faint, an angel young---
Whose easy flowing talk ne'er lost
One conquest that your eyes could boast---
My guide, my patroness and muse, 5
For once the voice of praise excuse.

In pity to the vernal bloom
Of British beauty, lo! I come,
Of thee to learn that magic art,
Which stole, thro' every sense, the heart---
Infallibly

OF BEAUTY. 59

Infallibly attain'd its end 11

To fix the lover, and the friend :

Oh teach me all thy self---disclose

From whence thy mystic reign arose.

She look'd consent, and thus with pleasure, 15

Effus'd the sentimental treasure.

I.

" Attend, ye fair, while I impart

" The secret how to please ;

" The rudiments of beauty's art

" Are short, and only these :

II.

" All flattery learn betimes to shun,

" Not once that *Syren* hear ;

" Know, praise for virtues not your own,

" Is satire most severe.

III.

" Flattery the *Lethe* of the soul, 25

" No science leaves behind---

" Worse

60 THE ECONOMY

“ Worse than the fell *Circéan* bowl

“ It poisons all the mind.

IV.

“ ’Tis not in gold, bright-sparkling stone,

“ Or brighter-sparkling eyes, 30

“ The value of the *fair* is known,

“ For these the *good* despise.

V.

“ What tho’ the spring’s Elysian glow

“ On either cheek were seen,

“ Or whiter than the virgin-snow 35

“ Your neck’s pellucid skin :

VI.

“ Yet pride, or affectation, these

“ Will more than age deform,

“ And envy, worse than pale disease,

“ Shall wither every charm. 40

VII.

“ True wit exists but with GOOD-NATURE,—

“ The parent of politeness ;

“ Let

" Let that illumine every feature,
 " And lend the eye its brightness.

VIII.

" Virtue is grace and dignity, 45
 " 'Tis more than royal blood,
 " A gem the world's too poor to buy ;---
 " Would you be fair ?---BE GOOD."

In dawn of life this lesson taught
 By friendship's seraph voice, she sought, 50
 Studious, amid the fair and young,
 To realife the moral song :---
 Caught from (not copy'd by degrees)
 A *Waldegrave*, dignity and ease ;
 A *Marlborough*, every grace---THE QUEEN,
 Her mild benevolence of mien ;--- 56
 A disposi-

V. 48. *Would you be fair ?*—] Among the Greeks,
 GOOD and BEAUTIFUL were convertible terms, and
 supposed to be as necessarily connected as cause and
 effect. Can you imagine—says *Socrates* to his dis-
 solute pupil---that what is good is not also beautiful ?
 We have precisely the same idea in an old philosophic
 proverb of our own ; but being trite and vulgar, it
 has the misfortune to be overlooked : HANDSOME
 IS, THAT HANDSOME DOES.

62 THE ECONOMY

A disposition of the heart
 Made visible in every part,
 Whate'er is offer'd, to approve,
 By friendship, loyalty, or love : 60
 Charm universal!--If but one,
 Supplying all; which, like the sun,
 Beams all around a gracious light,
 And yet retains its native height.

'Twas near the various-sounding flood,
 The palace of the EAGLE stood, 66
 Where for his son, the king affords
 A university of birds:—
 Employ'd to teach the feather'd youth
 Th' important rules of grace and truth---
 In rising, sinking, and in sailing, 71
 Define and analyse the *Kalon*—
 And, e'er he should affect the sky,
 Shew how an *Eagle* ought to fly;
 Lest, imitating vulgar fowl, 75
 He wink, and goggle like an owl,

When

V. 72. *The Kalon*.—] The amiable or beautiful,
 that is, whatsoever is really good. See the last
 note.

When he should face, with open gaze,
The summer-sun's meridian blaze.

"What! shall a nation's joy and wonder,

"Heir to the lightning and the thunder 80

"Of sovereign Jove—the future guest

"Of many a gorgeous, nectar'd feast,

"With unbred bashfulness of face,

"Like *Venus*' simple doves, disgrace

"The hero's seat?---Or, like the fop 85

"Of *Juno*, flutter, strut, and hop,

"Pouring around th' Olympian hall,

"Disgusting dissonance of squall?"

"Forbid it fate!--and every power

"That rul'd thy glorious natal hour! 90

"Prince, know thyself;----Oh, use thy
pinion,

"As conscious of the vast dominion

"By *Jove* assign'd thee:---greatly dare

"In boundless regions of the air."

He

V. 86. *The fop of Juno.*—] The Peacock sacrificed to her.

He hears ;--and, balancing his wings, 95
 Spurns earth beneath him, upward springs,
 Displaying all their rules had done,
 Full in the broad eye of the sun.
 With rapid strokes he towers amain,
 Then sinks precipitate.---Again 100
 He soars, and seems to chase a *foe*,
 Then floats upon the wind majestically
 flow.

Aloft in circling eddies plays
 An *Eagle* of the *hero* race,
 Who, heaven and earth, and sea explor'd ;
 O'er every *fowl* supremely soar'd ; 106
 He caught the sportive *Eaglet's* eye,
 Who darted dauntless thro' the sky,
 And by the great example fir'd,
 Up to the *Alps* of heaven aspir'd :--- 110
 Where'er the experienc'd *veteran* pass'd,
 Follow'd with emulative haste
 The young *competitor* ; nor ceas'd
 Till, every day new graces gain'd,
 To glory's summit he attain'd. 115

Thus

Thus the *Theſſalian virgin* led
 Awhile, beneath the foreſt's ſhade,
 A life obſcure; unſeen, unknown,
 Till, manly ſcience all her own,
 She burſt a glory from the grove, 120
 And melted every heart to love.
 Half-beaſt, half-man, the *centaur* brood,---
 Thoſe RAKES of old, her charms ſubdu'd;
 To every age her ſtory given,
 Flew on the wings of fame to heaven. 125

Her conqueſts told, the poets feign
 She chang'd her ſex, and liv'd a man,
 Dying, an *Eagle's* pinion took,
 And with the bolts of Jove Olympus ſhook.
 " Let

V. 116. *The Theſſalian virgin.*—] *Cænis*, ſee
 Ovid's *Metam.* Book XII. *Cænis* into an eagle, tranſ-
 lated by Mr. Dryden.

V. 122. *Centaur—Rakes of old*—] See dedica-
 tion to Dr. Young's centaur not fabulous.

V. 128. *Dying an Eagle*—]

———— He ſaw a yellow bird ariſe
 From out the piles, and cleave the liquid ſkies—
 All hail, he cry'd, thy country's grace and love!

DRYDEN CÆNUS.

66 THE ECONOMY, &c.

" Let early precept form the breast,
" Prepare to know, and chuse THE
" BEST, 131
" Example will confirm, and dictate all
" the rest."

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THE
MAGGOT AND THE OX.

F A B L E VI.

—I disdain

That elegance, which such as thou can teach.

VIRTUE ALONE IS ELEGANT, alone

Polite; *vice* must be sordid and *deform'd*,

Tho' to adorn her every art contend.

IN mean accomplishments who fix
A woman's praise, blaspheme the sex.
It was Sempronia's *fault* to dance
With more than decent elegance :
In such-like arts take this direction, 5
Mere mediocrity's perfection,
Nor speaks the *paradox* amiss,
That *half* is more than *all*, in this.

'Tis true, an ancient *sage* advances
The virtues may be taught by dances, 10
The *Cretan* and the *Pyrrhic* modes .
Were worthy heroes, kings and gods.
Their *art* is lost :—Our latter ages
(Witness the lewd freaks of the stages)

Bear

68 THE ECONOMY

Bear from St. James's down to Wapping, 15
Mere capering, quivering, straddling, hopping ;

Sense, nature, decency, and grace,
Proscrib'd and banish'd from the place.

With graceful attitude to move, 20
And every native charm improve,
Whether you walk, stand, sit, or rise,
A little dancing may suffice.—

More to affect's—however common——
Beneath the dignity of woman ;
All generous emulation stifles, 25
And gives the soul a turn to trifles :
Guiltless of sentiment are seen,
Hence, many a lovely face and mien.

Suppose it once the favourite science—
What wonder then, in wit's defiance, 30
If

V. 22. *A little dancing—*] “It would not be amiss for them to learn to dance, that is, to learn just so much (FOR ALL BEYOND IS SUPERFLUOUS, IF NOT WORSE) as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.”

COWLEY.

If new *Elizabeths* advance
 Their partners in a country-dance,
 To play the lord high chancellor's part,
 And find their *Hardwicks* in a *Hart*.

As in the sacred page 'tis read, 35
 A dance obtain'd the *Baptist's* head ;
 So to the unmeaning, frivolous art,
 Ev'n you may sacrifice your heart,
 And sink—inglorious state of life !
 Into a dancing-master's wife. — 40
 His sober sense, a *minuet*,
 A *louvre* learning, *jig* his wit,
 And all his studies to unriddle,
 Who conn'd his *ethics* from a fiddle.

Hear how the important nothing fumes ;
 “ Who's this *philosopher* presumes—— 46
 “ Some bob-wigg'd *sloven*, one may guess,
 “ That ne'er was taught *polite address*,—
 “ To

V. 31. *Elizabeths*—] *Hatten* was made chancellor to queen Elizabeth for his excellence in dancing.

V. 34. *Hart*.] This gentleman, if we mistake not wrote a treatise on dancing, and called it—*Rudiments of polite education*.

70 THE ECONOMY

" To make *us* polishers of nature
 " The subject of his saucy satire?--- 50
 " What! shall a *pedant*, hardly knowing
 " The very rudiments of bowing,
 " By poring o'er his *sickly-pay-days*,
 " A *poker* grown, instruct the ladies?
 " He, a professor of good-breeding, 55
 " Who knows no use for eyes but reading!
 " If his best *curt'sey* to his betters,
 " Be ridicule, this clown of letters
 " In every *step* of life must err,
 " His *footing* false, and insecure;--- 60
 " I'll lead him such a *dance*, the poet
 " Shall *bobble*, and the world shall know it."
 " *Valour to some the gods allow,*
 " *To others gracefully to bow,*
 " *This in the battle to advance,* 65
 " *A disposition that to dance:*
 " So---the Spectator tells the story---
 " A fine old Grecian, still in glory,
 " One *Dr. Hesiod* sung, or said,
 " And fortitude with dancing weigh'd. 70
 " But

V. 53. *Sickly-pay-days*.] The Latinists write this word *Cyclopædia*.

V. 67. *The Spectator*---] See Vol. I. No. 67.

“ But could they meet in one, and I

“ Be he, this satirist should dye.”

Ye polishers!—as we intend
The fair to caution, not offend
Your mighty race, thus irritable, 75
We'll veil your character in *fable*.

A MAGGOT—what! still choleric?
Then I defy your fiddle-stick——
Yes, of the wriggling *grub-worm* fry,
Just ripening to a *butter-fly*, 80
Held it beneath his rank of being
To rusticate;—“ Be seen, and seeing,
“ Whisper'd his vanity, nor sport
“ Inglorious here, but shine at court,
“ With thy new suit, as yet unpack'd, 85
“ The notice of the world attract.”
Flutter'd his heart, his pulse beat high,
Conscious of future dignity.

On a grave ox, that fought the town,
He laid his vast importance down, 90
Who seem'd, or so *Grub's* fancy show'd,
To bend beneath the cumbrous load.

Whene'er

72 THE ECONOMY

Whene'er with solemn pace and flow,
 The *ox* but crept, or stopp'd to lowe,
 " I'm sorry from my heart," he cry'd, 95
 " For this poor animal I ride,
 " My weight's too mighty for his reins ;—
 " Hear how the weary *brute* complains!"
 Then shrugg'd up close, when near the city,
 In all the vanity of pity, 100
 To sit, if possible, more light,
 Left he should founder him outright.

At length arriv'd, he thus addrest,
 With dull impertinence, the *beast*:
 " 'Pon honour, friend, immensely sorry
 " So kind a creature thus to worry— 106
 " Nay, pray lie down, regain your breath,
 " 'Tis poz, I've gallop'd you to death :—
 " Heavens!—how I've made the wretch
 perspire !
 " I'll beg your pardon, and retire. 110
 " The *king* and *court*—but *entre nous*,—
 " Or else I'd never troubled you,
 " Nor thus oppress'd your trembling
 flanks,—
 " Take my *apology*,—and thanks."

" Does

“ Does any speak above ?”—reply’d
The *ox*, reclining on his side. 116

“ Look up, quoth *grub*, here on your
face is

“ He that has govern’d all your paces.”—

“ It may be so ;—but I declare,
“ Poor *worm*, I never felt you there ;” 120
The *ox* with cool indifference said,
Then turn’d his venerable head :
One Fillip from his tail below,
The *maggot* reach’d, and spoil’d a *beau*.

This obvious *moral* must resort hence ;
That *self-conceit* is not *importance*. 126

THE
S T A T U E S.
F A B L E VII.

But grant in public *men* sometimes are shewn,
A WOMAN'S SEEN IN PRIVATE LIFE ALONE;
Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the *shade*.

Ah! friend, to dazzle let the vain design,
To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall *grow*, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts, and goes down an unregarded thing.

POPE.

WHO caution the ladies, what danger
alarms!

The *knaves* and the *dunces* are all up in
arms.

What a dreadful majority here is against us!
Dear daughters of *Albion*, whose candour
has fenc'd us,

Like the shield which *Æneas* receiv'd from
love's queen,

From all the brute thunder of envy and
spleen :

Your

Your bliss is our aim, your praise our reliance,

Secure but of that, we hurl them defiance:
Unnerv'd by your virtues, they dare not advance,

But each DIOMEDE drops from his weak hand—the lance. 10

Perhaps they'll turn *critics*;—fools ever pretend

To censure and hate what they can't comprehend.

“ Why beauty, they cry, is the mere gift of nature,

“ Can his *fables* give bloom, or re-model a feature ?

“ Have numbers harmonious the power to deck, 15

“ With smooth-flowing tresses the ivory neck ?

“ Can PHILOSOPHY make him a JULIET, or settle

“ On his credulous scholars MEDEA'S fam'd kettle ?

76 THE ECONOMY

“ Could his skill reach to this, an emperor’s ransom

“ One might pay for his certain *receipt* to be handsome.” 20

In *Britain* such cavils ne’er reach our *economy*,

Here *women* and *fair* are but terms of synonymy ;

But we scorn adulation, and therefore explain

Our judgment, that mere bloom and features are vain,

Not beauty itself, but capacity for it, 25

Convinc’d from experience, we boldly aver it—

Are instruments only, or organs exterior,
Must be fill’d and inform’d by something superior :

By sole dint of *these*, who presumes she is pretty,

Because she can speak, may infer she is witty. 30

Prometheus

OF BEAUTY. 77

Prometheus the porcelain mortar might
form,

But the *beam* snatch'd from heaven must
enliven and warm ;

In the language of mortals — *philosophy*,
thence

Descended, must raise and ennoble the
sense.

The true seat of beauty is therefore the
mind, 35

By that fire celestial illum'd and refin'd,

Like a lamp, the pure body, emitting its
rays —

Our judgment approves, and our hearts
meet the blaze.

What is woman's philosophy ? — analys'd
this,

Not folly our meaning shall construe amiss ;

Meek *piety* first, next elegant *sense*,

And virtue and modesty, void of pretence ;

Sweet *pity*, the nursling of love and good-
nature,

Attuning the voice, and softening each
feature :

Hence

78 THE ECONOMY

Hence the eyes have their fire, and the
eloquent blood 45
Proclaims on the cheek, *this is beauty!*
aloud.

Yes permanent beauty ;—when *Time* with
his scythe

That throne shall usurp, where *Cupid*
reign'd blythe,

And loth to depart, to the last ply'd his
bow ;—

When *Time* every flower of grace shall lay
low, 50

The forehead's fair lilly, the rose of the
cheek,

Still her eyes shall these beauties internal
bespeak ;

All the wise and the good must her virtues
adore,

And a WALDEGRAVE shall charm in the
vale of threescore.

Affection's a canker, wild *envy* a blast,
Rage tears by the roots, and lays all the
bloom waste ; 56

Black

OF BEAUTY. 79

Black *pride*, the MEDUSA, to stone turn
our faces,

And *folly* maintains open war with the
graces.

Who guards but from these shews some
wisdom of spirit,

And the commons of love shall vote he has
merit. 60

GOOD-NATURE alone, experience will
shew t'ye,

Is a mighty preserver of corporal beauty,
From the wrinkle of frowns keeps the
person at ease,

And pleases by shewing desire to please.

What woman unlovely, or ever unlov'd,

Whose bosom and face even this has im-
prov'd? 66

Her whole outward form corrected, refin'd,
The essence assumes, by degrees, of her
mind;

Meaning friendship, our love we insensibly
give,

And quit the *Lætities* with *Daphne* to live.
Since

V. 70. *Lætitia and Daphne*—] See the Spectator.

80 THE ECONOMY

Since this habit of soul may from precept
 be gain'd, 71
 The scope of our *apologues* can't be ar-
 raign'd.

Such a one have we known ; her worth
 and her name,
 By modesty, more than her rank, hid from
 fame.

'Tis true, she was never a toast, at a ball,
 In the mall, or the play-house, she shines
 not at all : 76

In places like those, how vainly ye roam !
 Who judges of woman must know her at
 home.

That's the sphere of her glory ; the milder
 attractions

Too faintly affect amid public distractions ;
 So the picture, the palace, the rich prospect
 too, 81

Lose all their effects in a wrong point of
 view.

Her *Cestus*, the sceptre domestic, she wears,
 With a grace, not that dazzles, but charms
 and endears ; 85

The

O F B E A U T Y. 81

The sweet *law of kindness* still governs her
 tongue,
 She is, or she seems, ever handsome and
 young :
 Her husband is happy, and seen in this
 light,
 Every soul must confess her the source of
 delight.
 So the mild *rose*, that faints in the broad,
 open day,
 In the shade gives us 'all the rich fragrance
 of *May*. 90
 Then ere you presume on our pupils re-
 flect,
 One *rule* of true judgment from *fable*
 collect.

When the life-giving *sculptor* inform'd
 every piece ;
 Great *Phidias*, so call we the *Wiltons* of
Greece,
 In his *shop* high and spacious two *Venus's*
 plac'd, 95
 One *Colossal*, the other of Nature's true
 taste.

82 THE ECONOMY

MACARONI apply'd, not so wise quite as
rich,

A *statue* who sought for his own private
niche ;

Scarce open'd the door, ere, struck with
the figure,

That charm'd at a distance, he purchas'd
the bigger :—— 100

His own taste so full of, the master in vain
Attempted their different *styles* to explain.

For the *temple's* high arch that was form'd
—but the finall,

From nature design'd, for the *gentleman's*
ball.—

Begg'd a nearer inspection—but wasted his
time, 105

His passion ran all for the *vast* and *sublime*.

With rapture he thought how the men of
virtù

His taste would applaud, when his bargain
they knew.

With *Fancy's ears*,

At once he hears

110

The

The hapless *Ciceroni*
 Their perquisites in money,
 And frequent feasts lamenting ;
 He sees the *Dilettanti*
 Ere-while so gay and janty, 115
 With envy low relenting.

But ponder well, *collectors* dear !
 And as a caution deign to hear
 Our *story's* dismal sequel ;
 Or ever you commence a *bidder* 120
 The *place* consider,—Ah ! consider
 Where you intend to fix your pieces :
 Or else, tho' antient *Rome's* or *Greece's*
 None of your taste shall speak well.
 Enormous penalty !—who disobey, 125
 More than their gold, their character shall
 pay.

WELL, suppose his dear *goddess* brought
 home in due state,
 He was something alarm'd when she stuck
 in the gate ;
 But his face, bright with *hope*, soon was
 sunk to a gloom,
 “ Alas ! she's too high for my loftiest room.
 “ Let

84 THE ECONOMY

" Let the cieling be rais'd."—'Tis done ;
and she's rear'd, 131

Indelicate, coarse now her features appear'd ;

He crept at a distance, but still was too close,

The *room* shew'd her every where clumsy and gross.

" Is this a *soft Venus* ?" his question was daily, 135

" 'Tis *Hercules* hardly unmann'd by *Omphale*.

" This *wife* for a *Titan* is only not hideous,

" When seen in the monstrous apartments of *Pheidias*

" The more I'm familiar, the more I detest her,

" Dear *sculptor*, exchange her, and give me the sister ! 140

" That polish'd perfection, which bore my neglect,

" On a nearer survey may have charming effect ;

" From

- “ From the *niche* near the eye, we must
judge of her merit,
“ Correct to the nail, yet abounding with
spirit,—
“ She was form’d, I perceive, for a station
like mine, 145
“ Tho’ *abroad* over-look’d, yet at *home*
she’s divine.
“ My *Venus* hereafter shall suit to her
place ;
“ ’Tis the right point of view that deter-
mines the grace.”

THE
L I Z A R D S.

F A B L E VIII.

Beauty! thou art a fair, but fading flow'r,
The tender prey of every coming hour;
In youth, thou, comet-like, art gaz'd upon,
But art portentous to thyself alone:
Unpunish'd thou to few wert ever given,
Nor art a blessing, but a mark from heaven.

Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

“ NOR gates of oak, nor brazen tower,
“ Nor howling through the midnight hour,
“ And clanking dire the loosen'd chain
“ Of watchful dogs, a ghastly train;
“ Nor all *Acrifus*' feverish care, 5
“ Securely kept the cloister'd fair.

“ The trembling *father* schem'd in vain;
“ For *Jove* and *Venus* mock'd his pain:
“ They

V. 5. *Acrifus*—] The father of Danae.

“ They laught ; as conscious all his cares,
 “ His dogs and gates,—and bolts and bars,
 “ And towers must weak and fenceless
 prove 11

“ Oppos’d to all-subduing love,
 “ Strong as the livid lightning’s fire,
 “ And swifter speeds the fierce desire,
 “ Delights thro’ midst of guards to force ;
 “ Nor solid rocks can stop its course : 16
 “ O’er *Atlas*’ giddy height ’twill soar,
 “ Or *bel*’s tremendous gloom explore ;
 “ ’Twill burst impatient thro’ the main—
 “ And worlds but interpose in vain ! 20

“ Such love *Corinna*’s eyes inspire,
 “ Those eyes that set my soul on fire ;
 “ Those eyes transcending words or
 thought,
 “ With every winning virtue fraught.
 “ But hold, my *muse*, nor dare to gaze
 “ Those brighter *suns* meridian blaze, 26
 “ Left, soaring near the potent ray,
 “ Thy wings *Icarian* melt away.
 “ Know, rashness ! thy untutor’d lays
 “ Profane such beauty by their praise. 30

“ What

“What notes, what numbers can express

"Her neck's consummate loveliness?"

“ So fair not *fancy*'s self may shew,

“ An iv’ry tower on hills of snow.—

" Her face, that perfect *circle*, scan, 35

"Of all that wins the heart of man,

“ Where beam’d from every look and
smile,

“ New beauties mock the painter’s toil.—

“What flow of song, tho’ wildly free,

“ As fwells the lark’s loud ecstacy, 40

“ Describe th’ ambrosial length of hair, 7

“ (Such would the *Graces* joy to wear,)

“ That floats adown her neck, and
shades her bosom fair ?

“ To match with her love's sculptur'd
queen

" Would lessen her superior mien.

“ Tho’ art Promethean form each feature,

“ *The pattern of excelling nature,*

The

V. 45. *Love's sculptur'd queen*] *Venus de Medicis.*

“ The lifeless piece we may approve,
 “ We may admire but cannot love ; 50
 “ Motion must harmonise the whole,
 “ And lend the *grace* that smites the soul.

“ With wonder first the *seer* survey’d
 “ The beauties of his *ivory maid*,
 “ But when the blushing *statue* mov’d, 55
 “ He sigh’d — he languish’d, — and he
 lov’d.”

’Twas thus some youthful *bard*, apart,
 Sung forth the *mistress* of his *heart* :
 CLEORA heard ;—she, all agree,
 Held beauty’s mediocrity, 60
 Th’ agreeable—which slowly gains
 Admirers, but thro’ life retains ;
 Storms not the heart like *grace* supreme,
 But saps beneath that rock, esteem. 65
 She, listening, as she pass’d along,
 Envy’d *Corinna*, and her song.

Elaborate in outward show,
Of inward less exact we trow,

The

90 THE ECONOMY

The poet's theme ; since not a word 70
 Of dear *Corinna*'s mind is heard.
 And dost thou envy ?—learn to know
Such beauty but invites a foe,—
 An *host* of *foes*, combin'd to press
 From honour and from happiness, 75
 Its owner :—think on *Helen*'s charms ;
 They, in a husband's sacred arms,
 Were ill-secur'd :—they gave her name
 To infamy, and endless shame.

A *theme* for *song*—the favourite toast, 80
 Prerogatives that *beauties* boast,
 Appreciate these :—what, if the song
 Confound your sense of right and wrong ?
 The *toast* so envy'd, and ador'd,
 Like wine upon the victim pour'd 85
 Should prove—how many is it true in ?
 The prelude of approaching ruin.

Safe praise is in all women's power ;
 Make but your heart the chosen bower
 Of

V. 88. *Safe praise*—] Une femme douce & polie
 pouvoit se faire aimer sans le secours de la beauté ;
 au
 polites

O F B E A U T Y. 91

Of delicacy, sense refin'd, 90
 And genuine worth with sweetness join'd :—
 These shall irradiate every feature,
 And lend the grace deny'd by nature ;
 With thee the good shall bless their lot,
 When lone *Corinna's* quite forgot. 95

Alas! what numbers may be prov'd,
 Too lovely to be truly lov'd ;
 Because, with native charms content,
 They gave their souls no ornament.

Go to the *Magdalen*, survey 100
 The hapless *Helens* of to-day ;
 There learn, what all in tears confess,
 Mere *beauty* is not happiness,
 But fatal to itself ;—in power
 It gleams the meteor of an hour ; 105
 For one it guides to joy and light,
 It plunges ten in *Stygian night*.

Near a lone ruin's time-rob'd tower,
 Two Lizards talk'd away the hour.
 Sister,

au lieu qu'une belle personne sans la douceur & la
 politesse devenoit un objet de mepris.

LE SAGE.

92 THE ECONOMY

Sister, cry'd one,—some moments spent
 In customary compliment,—— 110
 Does not your heart with sorrow melt,
 To think how hardly *fate* has dealt
 With *you* and *me*?—we barely live;
 Our sex's best *prerogative*, 115
 To reign, to rule, to fire with love,
 Which genuine romances prove,
 Are still in many a *Lizard's* power——
 Sure, sister, from our natal hour,
 Nature unjust, deny'd us these, 120
 And left us only *health* and *ease*.

I vow, whene'er I rustle by,
 I scarce attract one curious eye;
 No flames, no darts my looks dispense,
 But in the phrase of *common sense*, 125
 The fellows greet me;—scarce is heard
 Ode, song, acrostic, line or word,
 To

V. 125. *In the phrase of common sense the fellows greet me—*] That delicate instructor of our fair country-women—the polite and sagacious Mr. *Addison*, somewhere observes, that when a young lady, through want of a rational education, has once brought herself to regard *mere personal* beauty, as the most glorious distinction

To lovely *Lizey's* sparkling eye ;
 Unrhym'd I live,—perhaps may dye.
 Gods!—was I but a crocodile, 130
 That mighty *Lizard* of the *Nile*,
 What trembling slaves had bow'd before
 me,
 And *worlds* been happy to adore me!—

I vow, my dear, in sober sadness,
 These *whims* romantic are but madness 135
 To my poor judgment :—why repine
 At fortunes such as your's and mine ?
 Reply'd the other.—Not a joy,
 That reason's wishes can employ, 139
 But courts your hand :—convenient wealth;
 And freedom, pleasure, peace and health ;
 All these are yours :—why then deplore
 That *Nature* has not given us more ?

Admit

distinction of her sex ; she is utterly impatient of all
 conversation on other topics. So that if you should
 happen to ask one of this character, *what it is o'clock*,
 it is a hundred to one, but she thinks it improper for
 a person of her accomplishments to answer so plain a
 question.

Admit you pass unnotic'd by,
 To that you owe security. 145
 You wish to be a *crocodile* :—
 Sister, indeed you make me smile :—
 Why, all her *votaries* are but brewing
 Fresh stratagems to work her ruin.
 There's nothing brings such sure perdition
 To our sex as that fiend, *ambition*. 151

I always thought, the first rejoin'd,
 Yours was a mean, and groveling mind ;--
 Ambition ! yes, the passion's common,
 Obscurity is death to woman.
 But, madam, see a *case in point*— 155
 With conscious grace in every joint,
 How stalks yon stately *stag* !--wide spread
 The peerless glories of his head :
 Bless'd with those *borns*, the public gaze,
 I'd give up all the *sun* surveys : 160
Horns ! said I ? rather *beams* of fire,
 That universal awe inspire.

She spoke, when lo ! those envy'd horns
 Shaking the wood, the *hunter* turns
 And

OF BEAUTY. 95

And marks the place ;--the hounds pursue ;— 165

His danger from his beauty grew.

The cumbrous ornament betrays

The secret of his winding ways,

To the fierce *foe*.—Resistance vain,

He falls entangled on the plain ; 170 }

He falls and bleeds at every vein.

The *Lizard* saw, grew melancholy,

Then candidly confess'd her folly ;

Strove her repinings to repent,

Nature absolv'd, and learn'd content. 175

THE

THE
COURT OF BEAUTY.

F A B L E IX.

The brightest forms thro' *affectation* fade.
To strange, new things, which Nature never made.
Frown not ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those arts, which take you from our eyes :
In *Albacinda's* NATIVE GRACE is seen,
What you, who labour at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease :—
RETAIN YOUR GENTLE SELVES, AND YOU MUST
PLEASE. YOUNG.

BRIGHT *Venus*, sole empress of love
and of beauty,
Had three maids of honour, attending on
duty ;—
They were sisters, as *Seneca* proves from
the *Register*,
And attended the goddess, like so many
pages t'her :

Wherever

V. 3. *The Register*.] *Seneca* of Benefits. 2, 3.

Wherever she mov'd, there you saw their
three faces ;—— 5

Euphros'ne, Aglaia, Thalia, the Graces.

They ne'er went to court, but new con-
quests they boasted,—

No *god* of BON TON, but one of them
toasted,

“ Sweet creatures, by *Styx* !—as I e'er set
my eyes on,

“ How fond of each other !—immensely
surprising.” 10

As prologue, or chorus, thus much we've
descanted;

With the *folks* of our *drama* to bring you
acquainted.

But DISCORD now, inexorable *fiend*,
To friendship, sympathy, sororal love,
And all the blessed charities of life, 15
Sworn everlasting foe :—high o'er their
heads,

Shook her infernal torch ; as erst on top
Of that fam'd *mountain*, where the seed of
Jove

E

Challeng'd

- " Save your recognizance, and all
 " Make due *appearance* as we call. 40
 " *Thalia*, spinster!—here—*Pasithea*,
 " Alias *Aglaia*!—here.—*Latitia*,
 " Alias *Euphros'ne*!—here.—Ye *Graces*,
 " Come into court, and take your places;
 " Declare your claims; and ere you go
 forth, 45
 " Hear the queen's charge, decree, and so
 forth."

The ceremonies duly guided
 By statutes, in that case provided;
Euphros'ne thus the cause began:

- " May't please your majesty to scan 50
 " What, in all humbleness I shew t'ye;
 " We plead for sovereignty in beauty,—
 " This is our several claim.—Between us,
 " Who but the all-accomplish'd *Venus*,
 " Has skill to judge?—we come prepar'd
 " To hear your majesty's award, 56
 " And having pray'd a short inspection,
 " Submit us to the court's direction."

Thus ended she her brief oration.—
 Slow rose, and court'sey'd approbation, 60

100 THE ECONOMY

Her rival sisters ;—each believing,
The palm reserv'd for her receiving.—
So big with confidence, they wonder'd
Why the sagacious *goddeſs* ponder'd. 65

She ſpeaks ; but ah ! what words can
reach
The nectar'd ſweetneſs of her ſpeech ?
When ſilence firſt the *goddeſs* broke, 70
Tell how ſhe *look'd*, as well as ſpoke.

“ Children, ſtand forth ;—let each diſ-
cover
“ Her ſeveral powers to form the lover.—
“ Her own peculiar excellence ;
“ That ſteals the heart thro' every ſenſe :
“ And ev'n the frozen boſom warms— 76
“ The utmoſt effort of her charms :
“ Theſe having duly weigh'd, our truſt is
“ To do, unblam'd, impartial juſtice.”

Scarce had ſhe ſpoke.—In tears the *muſe*
The *ſequel* of her tale purſues :— 81
But each forgot her native eaſe,
Too, too ſolicitous to pleaſe ;

Distortion

Distortion fat on every feature,
And faded all the bloom of *nature*. 85
They lisp ; they amble ; now the head
On this side, now on that is laid,
Like some unanimated things,
Mov'd but by artificial springs.
The causeless smile, or laughter weak, 90
Now flutters upon every cheek ;—
Dilates each mouth from ear to ear,
To let the pearly teeth appear ;
Now they're all gloom,—a change still
worse—
The lips contracted to a purse, 95
Or screw'd precise, whene'er they speak,
Shoot forth, and sharpen to a beak.—
Anon with diligence they ply
The *bocus pocus* of the eye ;
See in deep black revolves the sight, 100
Hey!—pass, begone!—now all is white.—
Sleepy, half-clos'd ; and now they glare
The broad effulgence of a stare ;
Then round and round their orbits roll,
As if a frenzy fir'd their soul ; 105
The body's twist, convulsion, fidge and all,
Complete the wonderful *original*.

Such

Such were the arts to which they
trusted,—

Ev'n *Cupid*, tho' a boy, disgusted,
Or frighten'd by their *idiot* sport, 110
Wav'd his light wings, and left the court.
Confus'd, enrag'd, arose the stately queen,
And wore unusual terror in her mien :

“ Cease your mad mummary ! she cry'd,
and hear 114

“ My just remonstrance with a patient ear :

“ O, lost to reason !—blind to every art

“ That wakes ingenuous passion in the
heart,

“ Was it for you, great *Venus*' handmaids
born,

“ T' expose yourselves, your sex, your
queen to scorn ? 119

“ Instructed now the latent cause I find,

“ Why shrink *love*'s votaries among man-
kind,

“ Why, from our altars scar'd, the sacred
power

“ Of marriage lights the frequent torch no
more. 123

“ Dare

“ Dare to be wise again ;—and this behest
 “ Lock in the living casket of your breast.

“ Be these your *arts* alone—all art to hide,
 “ And take unerring *Nature* for your guide ;
 “ Her once forgot, you lose your winning
 ease,

“ Not pleasing from an over-care to please.
 “ Nay suffer not, e’en in your looks or
 air, 130

“ The consciousness of beauty to appear
 “ In souls refin’d ; — to wise experience
 trust,—

“ It raises no emotion but disgust.
 “ With gods and men one general maxim
 lasts :

“ That AFFECTATION every *beauty* blasts :
 “ More ruin spreads than age with sick-
 ness join’d,
 “ Nor leaves the remnant of a *grace* be-
 hind”.

THE
ENCHANTRESS.

F A B L E X.

OF FORESTS AND ENCHANTMENTS DREAR,
WHERE MORE IS MEANT THAN MEETS THE EAR.
IL PENSEROSO.

—Provided tales are speciously told, the probability of them will not be destroyed, tho' they are tales of wizards, or witches. What should hinder the poet, but want of art, from so contriving his fable, that more might be meant than meets the eye or ear? Cannot he say one thing in proper numbers and harmony, and secretly intend something else? or—to use a Greek expression---cannot he MAKE THE FABLE ALLEGORICAL.

UPTON ON THE FAERY QUEEN.

THY walls, *Southampton*! and thy moss-
grown towers,
Where *Echo* holds her solitary reign;
Thy rural sports and medicinal flood,
The plains around, and deep embowering
shades, 4
Who can behold, and not attempt to sing?
Even

Even *I*, the meanest of the tuneful tribe,
 Inspir'd by thee, awake the living lyre,
 Adventurous, while the groves and vocal
 hills

Prolong the strain ; as when *Musæus* pour'd
 The sadly-flowing tale of hopeless love—
 The sole disease thy waters cannot cure. 11

Oh, were my powers unbounded as my
 will !

The listening rocks, inform'd by bolder
 airs,

Than ever floated o'er *Amphion's* shell,
 Should move, like armies to the trumpet's
 found, 15

In mural league, indissolubly firm ;
 Disparting mountains roll their cumbrous
 load,

The proud dome swell, the glist'ring spires
 ascend,

And, mantled o'er with sickly green no
 more——

The robe of time—thy mouldering towers
 should rise 20

In gayly-dreadful rows, impregnable,

The terror of the *Gaul*.—The landscape
 round,
 The heaven-aspiring hills, and humble dales,
 The grove umbrageous, and the sunny lawn,
 As *Windfor*, blooming, and as *Eden* blest,
 Like them should flourish in immortal song.

See! to thy *baths* what frequent crouds
 resort, 27
 Groaning beneath the varied rod of pain,
 (Tyrannic, dire, inexorable fiend)
 And wash their ills away.—Hither is
 brought, 30
 Robb'd of each grace, the pining, pale-
 ey'd maid,
 Who *Venus*-like, emerges from the flood,
 Her cheeks bestrew'd with roses.—Thence
 the youth
 Springs, like *Antæus*, with redoubled might,
 A match for *Hercules*; and thence the limbs
 Of trembling *Eld*, *medean* fable true,— 36
 Resume fresh vigour, and are young again.

Antona's

V. 36. *Eld*—] Old age, decrepitude.

OF BEAUTY. 107

Antona's honour'd stream! on whose
soft shores

My flowery-kirtled infancy first knew
Vernal delight ;—where stealing from the
croud, 40

I still can shuffle off the cares of life—
Revive,—familiar with each object round,
The phraseless images of better days,
When all was new, and pregnant with de-
light :

Accept the votive verse.—Here first I saw
(And faithful to its trust, my mind retains,
With all its vivid tints, the sacred sight)
Arise the bridgeroom *sun* :—even now I
see,

As conscious of the day, the blushing east.
Faded the sickly-gleaming stars, and night,
Stretch'd o'er the vault of heaven, resumes
her wing 51

Of *stygian* plume, and meditates her flight.
The grey *dawn* waves her sober banners
round,

And holds the dubious empire of the sky,
Retiring unperceived.—A fluid red 55
Then faintly skirts the dappled firmament ;
Till,

Till, deepening as it spreads, with various
tinge,

Purple and gold, the gorgeous orient flames
Refulgent, and proclaims the *sun's* ap-
proach.

And, lo ! he comes, the glorious fire of
day, 60

Emerging thro' the silver-circled clouds,
Walks forth in adamantinè splendour clad,
Up the high steep of heaven ; and sheds
the day

To farthest space, swift as the speed of
thought, 64

Illustrious.—Early thus, Oh ! may I break
The leaden chains of sleep, and issue forth
To mark the glories of the rising day ;
Now o'er the perfum'd meadows let me
walk,

Or pierce the secret, mazy-winding bower,
Or lofty wood ; whose awful pomp of shade,
Waving its gold-invested top, delights, 71
Refines, and harmonizes all the soul.

Child of intemperance, and pallid sloth !
Strange to th' exalted joy, oft while you lose,
Unconscious

Unconscious lose, the dulcet prime of day,
Still let me wander far from human sight,
To pathless plains, and wilds, and silent
groves, 77

Where heart-ennobling *contemplation* reigns:
Or let me climb the hills, where every gale
Is fraught with florid health.—Such are thy
scenes, 80

Southampton, lov'd of all the rural gods ;
Thine are the pathless wilds, and silent
groves,

Where contemplation reigns ; thine are the
plains,

And thine the hills, where fraught with
florid health,

Blows every gale. 85

The rosy featur'd nymph

Hence paints her cheeks, and hence renews
her charms,

Of all the *toilet's* fraudulent mysteries

Nor studious, nor in want.—Ye delicate !

Receive instruction from the simple maid ;

For once, to *Nature's* own conveyance trust,

With her and me, essay the morning walk,

And learn the whole *Economy of Beauty*.

What

110 THE ECONOMY

What if we climb the gentle-rising rock,
Whose arched brow frowns o'er the subject
main ! 95

Here let us take a pleasing, dreadful view
Of *Nature*.—Far beneath—so far beneath,
Imagination fears to cast a look,
The wild wave tumbles ; a stupendous
world
Of wonders in itself, august and vast. 100

Say, can the toil-bought pleasures of
the town,
The concert, ball, or play, where dazling
dress,
With gold and silver wrought, bright-spark-
ling gems,
Or brighter-sparkling eyes, reflect the light,
And spread a gay effulgence round the
dome, 105
Mocking the sunny day :—can these supply
A charm so suited to the soul of man ?
Or, when the youthful band the dance
pursue,
And weave its mazy form, respondent
shook

To

OF BEAUTY. 111

To sprightly-fancy'd songs ; and large-
hoop'd *Belles* 110

By graver airs majestically mov'd,
Around the dome glide smooth as angels
walk :

“ The waves o'th' sea, that own no other
function,”

Fear not defeat from all that *art* can teach,
They both dilate, and fill the pausing soul.

To rural prospects, flocks, and lowing
herds, 116

To distant towns, and dew-impearled fields,
And villas, half conceal'd amid the shade
Of spreading trees, the vagrant *muse* returns
Delighted.—Various is the peaceful scene,
Irregularly sweet.—Parent of joy !

Fair INNOCENCE, here fix thy radiant
throne

For ever :—void of thee, the landscape
fades,

The wildly-flowing chaunt of early birds
Swells not to ecstasy ;—the sweet spring
wears 125

Her chearful robe in vain, the flowrets
droop,

And

And the delightful grove delights no more.
 But when thy gentler glories gild the scene,
 Ev'n *Zembla's* sons, amid eternal frosts,
 Enjoy the soul's calm sun-shine.—Seraph,
 thou

130

Can'st bid ideal summers bless the north,
 And paradise a desert. Hence alone,—
 Bear witness heaven and earth!—from
 hence alone

Can sylvan scenes disgust the mind or fight;
 Weak vanity, or affectation wild, 135
 Or, worse than either, rank dishonour foul,
 Are tenants of the soul. These dare not
 dwell

With searching *solitude*;—these snatch the
 great

O'er seas, and alps, to every noisy show,
 Or CARNIVAL, or th' holy trumpery fam'd
 Of Latian JUBILEE, or *Stratford*! thine
 Obscene with mud,—to all that promises
 To cure reflection. From the wondering herd
 Thus starts the wounded stag, with uncouth
 pain

Distracted, scours the lawn, flies to the
 wood,

145

Or

Or plunges thro' the stream.—But ah! in
vain ;
The barbed death, deep-lodg'd within his
side,
With sickening anguish stings his throbbing
heart.

BE INNOCENT AND HAPPY.—Such my
heart
In early youth, when, in her straw-roof'd
cot, 150
A shepherd's wife rear'd my weak infancy ;
Where the light-dashing current laves the
foot
Of yonder wood.—And oft her mother old
Beguil'd the wintry evening with her tales :
While with my foster-brethren, shepherds
still, 155
Nor more incredulous, I press'd the form,
Around her cleanly hearth ; and heard her
speak,
Or sing with many a tuneless quaver, loose
and flat,
How *fairy elves* their frequent revels keep
To

114 THE ECONOMY

To the pale glow-worm's lamp, and how
 they spread 160
 On mushroom tables many a splendid feast.
 Sometimes, perchance, with hollow voice
 the spoke
 Of yawning graves, and sheeted ghosts that
 glide
 Beneath the church-yard fence; of magic
 spells,
 And all th' omnipotence of *witch-craft*.—

“ Once, 166
 Where *Netley* nods in all her time-shook
 towers,
 (The *beldam* thus began) a *forcerefs* fam'd,
 MERLINDA hight, her daring art essay'd.

'Twas in the fearful secrecy of night,
 She ventur'd thro' the ruins; every wall,
 And every arch, with all their echoes round,
 Confess'd

V. 167. *Netley*.] The ruins of a venerable abbey
 on the banks of the *Itchin*, near Southampton. See
 an elegant and pathetic little poem on this subject,
 by *George Keate, Esq.*

Confess'd her presence:—on the moss-
grown floor,

(Erewhile, I ween, by holier pilgrims trod)
O'er which the east window, still in ruins
fair, 175

Rears its majestic height; her vervain fire
Its trembling radiance shed. Round the
blue light,

She, with observance due of antient rites,
And mystic ceremony, slowly mark'd
Her mighty circle.—Next she sung aloud
Wild strains unteachable, and wav'd her
wand 181

Thrice round her uncoif'd head: then la-
bouring spoke

Words that had power to bind the strug-
gling north,

Or check the tumbling tide of cataracts
And hang them in mid-air:—all nature owns
The virtuous spell, resistless.—Strait arose--
Menalcas sage declar'd he saw the sight,
And oft has signified the spot—arose
Of various stature, and of nameless form,
Thick peopling all the space, submissive
crouds 190

Of

116 THE ECONOMY

Of beings strange, that *Nature* never made.
Now sighs are heard, and ever and anon,
The frequent groan bursts from their hollow
breasts ;

Nor, these between, were wanting words
that vow'd

Eternal reverence to her potent sway, 195
And proffer'd willing service ; tho' to pluck
Down from her silver chariot, where she
rode,

The queen of night ; if such her high behest.

She deigns to speak ;---“ Go, search from
east to west,

“ Thro' earth, air, seas, and fire, and to
these arms

“ Restore, ere sings the matin-chaunting
bird, 200

“ The solace of my life.--Yes, he has broke

“ His easy chain, and left me to despair.”

Nor more.---Away they run, fly, sink,
at once,

Upon their errand bent, unanimous : mean-
while

An

OF BEAUTY. 117

An awful pause suspends the wondering
aisles : 205

But short.—For soon, with hubbub loud,
The sprites return'd, and (wonderful to
speak !

Incredible !) gave to her raptur'd arms,
Whence he elop'd that morn—her bosom's
lord—

A favourite MONKEY. 210

Straight a general groan
Burst thro' the battlements!—the bird of
night
Scream'd shrill her ear-afflicting song, com-
mixt

With hissings dire from airy forms of snakes,
That wing'd the void.—The livid flame
expir'd,
Sudden ; while she repass'd, caressing fond
Her grinning paramour."

Looking amaze
Around the beldame, all attentive, hung
Her infant audience ; ----questioning by
turns,

220

For

For such an end inadequate, such means;
Nor resolution found.

But say, ye fair,
O, both the guard and glory of my song!
Why hate, incredulous, the truth-built
tale ? 225

Among the wonders that wild passion works,
Is there on earth no parallel to this?—

Ah, yes my heart misgives, *experience* thus
May realise the fable.—Who but knows
The witchery of beauty?—who but feels,
But will confess her spells?—Her magic eye,
More potent than MERLINDA'S wand or
voice,

Stranger effects producing in the heart,
Submissive worlds obey. How oft in bower,
Or hall, some paragon of grace we've seen
Surrounded by a vain, unholy circle 236
Of pea-green *macaronies*, *fribbles*, *fops*,
And lisping *popinjays*,—phantaftic things
That *Nature* never made! And when her
powers
Might have commanded all that manhood
owes—

The

The conscious dignity of soul, rich sense,
 Or lawrell'd science ; have we not beheld
 The moments, pregnant with her fate for
 life,

Wasted to hear the fealty of fools ?
 And all her *charms* exerted to recall, 245
 And fix some worthless coxcomb's vagrant
 love ?

Straight, on the altar of a hundred hearts,
 Love's holy fire that burnt for her, is
 quench'd ;

Her choice, proclaiming impotence of soul,
 Destroys the enchantment of her eyes at
 once : 250

And pity's sigh, perchance the hiss of scorn,
 Declares her exit.

If such things have been ;
 Thy rooms, *Southampton* ! may confirm
 the tale.

Erewhile incredible, thy groves had taught,
 And faithful history acquit the fabling
 nurse.

FAIR,

FAIR, GOOD, AND WISE ARE ONE;
and either, each :

Wisdom and virtue, *causes* ;—the *effect*,
Beauty ; and beauty is the *seal* of heaven,
In every clime *authentic* : from the soul 260
Of man exacting homage, admiration, love.
But or on VICE', or FOLLY's errands sent,
It *cancels*, not *confirms* the law of nature,
Is with indifference seen, perhaps contempt.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.

THE
ECONOMY OF BEAUTY.

F

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE FIRST

OF THE REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND

OF THE REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE THIRD

OF THE REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE
ECONOMY OF BEAUTY;

IN A SERIES OF

F A B L E S:

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Thro' which THE MIND's all gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between,
The body charms, BECAUSE THE SOUL IS SEEN.
Dr. Young.

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE partiality of the author's friends having obtained for this *essay* a patronage, to which, in the strongest paroxysms of poetical vanity, he could never have aspired; he now appears at the tribunal of the public, with all the diffidence and embarrassment, which are natural to one, who has raised expectations, which he is conscious he has not abilities to gratify. His desire was to do good by *stealth*: but being permitted to prefix *such* a name to his dedication, it would have outraged all decorum to have denied his own to the title page.

With respect to the execution of the work—for the original design needs no apology—he has two things to plead in arrest of judgment; that it is, in part, a juvenile performance, begun when the author was but seventeen years of age; and that his unintermitted application to more serious studies ever since, which the nature of his public employment demands, has left him too little leisure to bestow that correction on it, which his riper judgment might,

might, perhaps, have suggested. This too has occasioned the delay of the present publication. But whatever his apprehensions as a *poetical* parent may be; as a natural one, he admonishes the *critics by profession*, that few men living have more reasons than he, for *not being ashamed when they speak with their enemy in the gate*. He hath his quiver full of them. Whether he boasts of these *arrows in the hand of a giant*, to conciliate candor by inviting alliance, or diffusing terror; it is left to their own sagacity to derermine,—*Melius non tangere clamat.*

Obliged in point of gratitude, to return some answer to the many pleasing compliments which have been paid him, by such as rose satisfied from the plain but wholesome repast he had prepared ; he finds himself reduced to the old formulary of rustic hospitality.

"Dear ladies,

I wish it had been better for your sake.—
Such as it is, you are heartily welcome to
it.— and

Much good may it do you."

THE

THE A R G U M E N T.

F A B L E I.

THE soul being properly *informed* in the preceding series, due regard is paid in this to externals,—which begins—where some young ladies are supposed to finish their studies—with

THE ART OF DRESSING.

A great secret in the very motto. The necessity and importance of this art inferred from the absurdities consequent on ignorance of it. A modern *bead* architectonically considered—animated *Caryatides*—our daughters like the polished corners of the temple. The beauties even of a SEPTON eclipsed by such enormities.—Mere *fashion* another *Vanburgh*, in human architecture—exemplified—a lady in the true mansion-house taste, *overcharged* with ornaments—another in something of the Chinese—not half herself. More instances of the absurdities of fashion—the Court of Alexander—Richard's lords—modern optics. A merciless tyrant—her laws arbitrary, unreasonable, cruel. *Taste* a gracious princess, governing by wise, and wholesome laws, DECENCY her *magna charta*. A receipt to cure a *long face*—ditto for a *short* one. The wardrobe unlocked—rules for chusing.

ing. The *fair*—the *brunette*—the *over-rosy*—the *pale*, instructed. NEATNESS *all in all*. The difference between *fashion* and *taste* fairly stated—Inference. The question. A beau of the last age—little more than the tenant of his wig. History of *another*, or THE MONKEY IN ROBES—makes but an indifferent *Tiger*, and a worse *Lion*—why—general moral; dress however showy and expensive, if unsuitable, always ridiculous.

F A B L E II.

A STILL greater source of deformity than bad dressing, and yet very fashionable—SLANDER. Her birth, parentage and exploits—a very *drawcanfir*, sparing neither age, rank, or sex. Some account of a great and excellent *princess*, who was never out of her reach 'till she went to Heaven. And why. Found to be an incurable disease—like the pestilence alarming every body, however sound and wholesome, but killing only those that have it. One with the marks upon her—the progress of the plague—brings on universal ugliness—the natural consequence. A negative rule, or what we must *not* do to be amiable. Case in point. The folly of censoriousness—dishonesty—impudence. The common excuse—hope of reforming the world—exploded by the conduct of three detestable hypocrites. A fair warning.

FABLE

F A B L E III.

ALL preliminaries thus formally settled, our fair pupils supposed fit to be married—and directed in the choice on a husband—first negatively. A dialogue between my lord and his daughter—some observations on her conduct at *Cornelys's*, with respect to fir *Timothy Tinsel*—and sketch of his character. Lady *Sophia's* defence of herself and him—his person—learning—but above all, his incomparable wit demonstrated. My lord still has his objections—and why—tells a strange old story, and guards her against a similar disappointment.

F A B L E IV.

ANOTHER dreadful source of misery in the choice of a husband. *Chloë* at *Wilton's*—her taste for statuary—*Apollo Belvidere*—*Farnese Hercules*—her favourite *Adonis*—a mortifying discovery with respect to the head and heart of the gentleman aforesaid—serious application to a rake. Some doubts of the infallible certainty of that great maxim—“a reformed rake makes the best husband.” Or if admitted, still more doubts—whether an habitual rake ever *was* reformed—whence they proceed—*experience* gives in her verdict—introduces a fable—shewing that the promises, tears, vows and oaths of an habitual debauchee can never be safely relied on. A piece of casuistry.

F A B L E V.

INFINITE reason for caution therefore—in this most interesting and important business—the choice of a husband—our whole future lives must take their colour of happiness or misery from that. Something worse than death to a truly modest woman. Mutual good-liking not sufficient to direct—a marriage between the living and the dead—many such at the present day—how to avoid such a one. Genuine honour—its effects.—happiness at court—how she came there—is ready to follow every other husband and wife, even to a cottage, who submit to be guided by reason and virtue. Impossible for a silly or a vicious man to make a good husband—illustrated—some rudiments of a new society for reformation of manners. Objection—the young lady's question—a knave's answer. Cogent reasons for distrusting a man, to whom a good character is given by—himself only. A little experience, and the general testimony of the world rather to be depended on. A woful disappointment arising from a neglect of this rule.

F A B L E VI.

TWO OPPOSITE extremes equally injurious to matrimony—*credulity* and *suspicion*—the former exploded in the two preceding fables, the consequences of the latter here insisted on. *A hasty*, not an *early* marriage

marriage condemned. History of a DEMURRER,—would have married *Eugenio* but for trifling accident—she was so long making up her mind, that he—died. Not so cruel afterwards, except to herself—had an objection to leading apes below, and therefore led one here. Dies without issue. Her last will and testament—with a generous legacy to the ladies of Great-Britain, by way of codicil.

F A B L E VII.

NOT every man capable of generous, lasting love—the author, with trembling solicitude for the happiness of his pupils, earnestly recommends self-knowledge to the men. His reasons for it. What love is *not*—what it is—a necessary ingredient—never found in the heart of the *sordid*, or the *silly*. Another ingredient which cannot be possessed by the *proud* and *ignorant*. The ladies plainly and positively directed in their choice, with the wife's *Economy of Beauty*, in a few words. How to distinguish real *fitness* in men, from the effects of vanity and self-conceit—which not only serve to make one half of the sex presume themselves qualified, but to impose on half the other—till fatal experience disabuses both—when 'tis too late. The scheme of a lottery, which pleased none but—the wife and the good—of another which perfectly satisfied all the rest of the world.

F A B L E VIII.

HIS pupils now supposed to be embarked on the voyage of matrimony, he proceeds to give a chart of the seas—invokes the *manes* of two celebrated geographers in this way—and describes a most dreadful rock, on which thousands are every hour making ship-wreck of their peace and happiness—A CIRCULATING LIBRARY! Advice to the female *Quixots*—a head stuffed with romances disqualified for every social office—more especially for the duties of a wife. What a man really is—what *her* conduct ought to be in consequence. A case in point—with an inference applicable to both sexes.

F A B L E IX.

THE sacrifice of reputation—beauty—health—love
—virtue and happiness,

at the shrine

of

PLEASURE:

a Tragedy.

As it is performed every night of the week, in the
Theatre of THE GREAT WORLD.

To which is added a *serious Farce*, called
The Wife Metamorphosed,

or

Repentance too late.

The Epilogue—"A Word to the Wife."

F A B L E

THE ARGUMENT.

cxxxiii

F A B L E X.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

The Slatern's excuse---"nobody but I and my husband"---exploded for ever. The difference between a wife and a mistress stated---suitable conduct necessary. *Corinna's* case---no economist---a notorious spendthrift---lavish of grace every where, but at home---a bankrupt. A hint. Report from the committee of *ways and means*. The Mermaid in love---her love powder---its ingredients---operation and effect---married---the homily, addressed to every woman upon the face of the earth---namely, all that are married, or intend to be married.

F A B L E XI.

Virtue, genius and reputation in person---their scheme---fear of separation---plan of a *bue and cry* after *virtue* and *genius*---none after *reputation*---and why---conclusion, never to trust her out of sight. Their journal---ignorance---disgrace---formally banished from the *Coterie*---an institution professedly unconnected with either---The judgment passed on them by the *polite* world, at Tunbridge---Bath---Bristol---Southampton---become beggars---raised on a sudden to the pinnacle of glory and happiness---paper of directions for them pinned on the bosom of the QUEEN---"*Enquire within*."

F A B L E

F A B L E XII.

CONCLUSION. The wife's conduct in the absence of her husband—no frequenter of public places—admits but few visits—those of very particular friends---laments the absence of her husband---her dirge---a piece of criticism on it---a scene in Virginia---the critic in person neglected by *Nature*---is educated by *envy*---a great proficient in ridicule---whom he spares---hates---pleases---to whom served his apprenticeship—specimen of his manner---an humble remonstrance---apology---petition.

THE

SE

THE
P L A Y E R S.
F A B L E I.

There is a real beauty in attire, that does not depend on the mode. But *if* persons of rank cannot chuse their own dress, but must run along with the present fashion;

THE SECRET OF DRESSING GRACEFULLY must consist in the slender variations, that cannot be observed to desert the fashion, and yet approach nigher to the complexion and import of the countenance.

DISCOURSE ON TASTE.

SUPPOSE a painter should design——
If human art might reach divine——
A *Molyneux*—mien, air and face,
And copy every killing grace,
And all those *Venuses* of form, 5
The bright original that warm;
Should he profane such charms as these,
To form a *Caryatides*——

A row

V. 3. *Molyneux*.]—Now the right honourable lady SEFTON.

V. 8. *Caryatides*, or *Carietes*, in architecture, a kind

136 THE ECONOMY

A row of pillars, for example,
 Or polish'd corner of a temple—— 10
 And doom that sacred head t'endure
 A load of high entablature,
 Enrich'd with carving, painting, gilding,
 In short convert it to a building :
 Could you, 'admitted to the sight, 15
 Forbear to ridicule the fright ?
 Would not, ye fair, your scorn pursue it,
 Tho' *Rubens*, or tho' *Reynolds* drew it ?

Th' employment and the mass around,
 Must every touch of grace confound. 20

Something like this may DRESS effect,
Fashion your only architect ;
 She'll load with supplemental hair,
 Till architrave and cornice stare,

Order

kind of order of columns, or pilasters, under the figures of women, dressed in long robes, serving to support entablatures. The Greeks having taken the city of *Carya*, led away their women captives, and to perpetuate their servitude, represented them in their buildings as charged with burthens, such as those supported by columns.

See Mr. Bentley's elegant designs to Gray's odes.—
 The cat drowned in a vase of gold and silver fish.

Order on order, *à la Grecque*, 25
Like a mere column, head and neck.

When we some *jagbier'd* dame behold
The porter of her gems and gold,
The moving jewel-office straight
Recalls to mind *Tarpeia's* fate, 30
Who, by her treacherous friends supply'd,
Beneath her finery groan'd and dy'd.

The wide-wing'd hoop, the cumbrous
sack,
The wood-propt leg, the stay-built back,
True *taste* for ever shall despise; 35
They snatch the woman from our eyes,
Or make her, dwindling to an elf,
The smallest portion of herself.

Nay

V. 30. *Tarpeia*]—This young lady was a vestal virgin, and so immoderately fond of finery, that she undertook to deliver the capitol, of which her father was governor, into the hands of the *Albans*; if they would promise to give her *those charming ornaments, which they wore on their left arms*—meaning their bracelets. Being admitted, they availed themselves of the ambiguity of the expression, and one and all cast their *shields* upon, and crushed her to death.

138 THE ECONOMY

Nay *mode* has taught mankind to prize
 Ev'n personal deformities : 40
 Witness, all lost to grace and grandeur,
 The wry-neck'd court of *Alexander*,
Richard's round-shoulder'd lords, and now
 The lying *glass* on every brow,
 Your fashionable eye decreeing 45
 Perfect in any thing but—seeing.

Fashion and *taste* at variance, say,
 Which empress shall the wise obey ?
 Fashion to all love's various tribes
 One universal law prescribes. 50
 She, tyrant! dooms the black, the fair,
 The short, the tall, one garb to wear;
 If to advantage ten are drest,
 She sacrifices all the rest.

Behold

V. 46. *An eye perfect in any thing but---seeing.*
 There is nothing too absurd for fashion, affectation,
 and flattery. When *Denys* (*Dionysius*) of *Sicily* grew
 dim-sighted, his courtiers pretended it was an epidemi-
 cal distemper; tumbled over one another, as if they
 were almost blind, and threw down the side-board,
 dishes, &c. COLLIER.

Behold the nymph by nature tall, 55
 From French heels tottering to her fall,
 Proclaiming, by a line-strip'd sack,
 A *Patagonian* length of back,
 Inelegantly straight, supplying
 Nor fall, nor fold for love to lie in. 60
 Her face, too short, at either bound,
 By curls, and ear-rings, wrought so round,
 That satire, with malicious grin,
 Describes her person by her *pin*——
 'Twixt her complexion and her knot, 65
 All harmony of tint forgot :——
 Why view the victim with compassion ?
 She's happy, for she's in the fashion,

With Nature *taste* consults, and studies
 The various turn and style of bodies, 70
 Adapts to each a several manner,
 To bring them all to beauty's banner ;
 Deaf to self-love, unaw'd by pride,
 'Twixt grace and blemish will decide, }
 Teach this to heighten, that to hide ; }
 Revolves examples, old and recent, 76
 Regarding all in all the DECENT.

Is

Is *Seraphina's* face too thin?

Her lappets, clos'd beneath her chin,
Swell round her cheek, with graceful air,
Capacious of her lovely hair ; 81
That lovely hair which now *descends*,
Rejoic'd its high-stretch'd torture ends, }
And o'er her shady forehead bends
In native rings ; by this removal 85
Her face reducing to an oval.

The line of *Chloe's* face too near
Perhaps approaches to a sphere ;
Touch'd by the *graces*, back retire
The side-curls ; while the forehead higher }
Its beamy glories bids aspire :
The ruff, or ribbon's easy flow 92
Prolongs the *dimpled charm* below.

Rescued from mode these hints suffice
To caution or reform the wife. 95
Not that your bard disdains to sing,
Where the sweet *Roman* wav'd his wing ;
He prov'd, defying critic hate,
All that pertains to woman, great—
Worthy the muses hallow'd fire, 100
And *Love* and *Venus* blest his lyre.
Of

Of *vests* he sung, their form and hue,
 And all the various wardrobe drew,
 Love's armory ;—then urg'd the fair
 The *certain* to select with care :
 Not the rich gold, or Tyrian vest
 Nor grain in royal purple drest,
 But what became herself the best ;
 Deciding, deaf to *fashion's* call,
 That not convenient all to all.
 In *darker* tints the *snowy* maid
 Should be *Briseis*-like, array'd ;
 Black was her robe when first she stole
 And fir'd to love Achilles' soul ;

105

110

The

V. 106. *Not the rich gold, &c.*] Cloaths are not therefore handsome, and becoming, because they are *rich*, nor is the mere wearing of them any ways creditable ; otherwise the *taylor* and the *tirewoman* would be the fountains of honour. Their whole merit arises from their being properly suited to the complexion, figure, age, &c. and this is above their talent. None but persons of real sense and taste can hit this point, in which the whole secret of dress consists. Indeed *they* have great delicacy and exactness in their fancy ; they pitch upon nothing that is taudry and mechanic, staring or ill-matched. One may know a *gentlewoman* almost as well by seeing her chuse a mantua, or a ribbon, as by going to *Garter* or *Clarencieux*. COLLIER.

142 THE ECONOMY

The sweet *brunette* must charm in *light*, 115

A mere *Andromeda* in white.

If Nature, too profuse of grace,

Her roses spread o'er neck and face,

Be *red* thy choice ; the scarlet's grain

Corrects and softens both amain ; 120

The *pale* for lelac-purple call,

And blue's in harmony with all.

Thus *Ovid*.—NEATNESS follows next,

To Britain's fair a useless text.

Your study that, in every season, 125

The life and soul of all that's pleasing—

With you almost religious duty :

Such his economy of beauty.

Prometheus

V. 123. *Neatness almost religious duty*.—Cleanliness and decency of the body were always allowed to proceed from moral modesty and reverence ; first, towards God, whose creatures we are ; next, towards society, wherein we live ; and lastly, towards ourselves, whom we ought to reverence still more than others. But *false* decorations, *fucus's* and *pigments* deserve the imperfections that constantly attend them ; being neither exquisite enough to deceive, nor commodious in application, nor wholesome in their use. And it is much that this *depraved custom of painting the face* should so long escape the penal laws of church and state.

Lord BACON.

Prometheus-taste thus gives her creatures
 The full perfection of their natures. 130
 While *fashion*, like his journey-men,
 Turns all to senseless clay again,
 Burlesquing man :—all form distorted,
 Feet, legs, and hands and arms ill-sorted—
 A nose from A. an eye from B. 135
 Purloin'd, and both transfer'd to C.
 Nay, a whole head at once bestow'd
 On shoulders bending with the load :
 Creation this ?—Mere member-heaping,
 Proportion, symmetry and keeping, 140
 No thought of theirs ; and yet misdeeming
 The *things* may pass for men, and women.

Read and apply ; the tale's a gift
 From that immortal genius—SWIFT.

Each fair, then, has her style of dress, 145
 Deserting which she'll please the less ;
 But the reverse of which assum'd,
 Because in that another bloom'd,

Defrauded

V. 144. *Swift*.]—See the *Intelligencer*, No. 14.

V. 147. *But the reverse of which assumed*]—
 FASHION

144 THE ECONOMY

Defrauded of her native lustre,
 (Like diamonds in an ill-set cluster) 150
 She shines no more; or shines neglected,
 The gem o'erlook'd, perhaps suspected.

Can this admit deliberation:
 Would you be fair, or in the fashion?

When some years since, the coxcomb
 prig 155
 Was but the tenant of his wig,
 Peeping, with eyes eclips'd, for day-break,
 Like a starv'd weasel, thro' a hay-rick,

What

FASHION is the child of *ignorance* and *vanity*. The moment a fine woman becomes the talk of the town, all the ladies, who are candidates for admiration, are resolved to be *like her*; that is, they implicitly adopt every the minutest article of her dress: not considering that what is extremely becoming in one, may be absolute deformity in another,—least of all, that she is admired for qualities unattainable by the majority, and in which the mysteries of the toilet have no concern. Hence the eye of taste is every day disgusted with the exhibitions of tame, servile copyists, instead of being delighted with that infinite variety, which would be the consequence of every woman's studying the style and import of her own person; uninfluenced by any considerations, but those of general decorum.

WILL. HONEYCOMB.

What continence of muscle could
 Exempt from laughter flesh and blood? 160
 Some hero of *gigantic* stature
 With this incumbrance saddled Nature,
 At first I ween, 'twas right in him
 To soften a huge *Polypheme*;
 His wig full drest, we've known the case—
 The sole good feature in his face. 166
 But when, at last, the hairy load
 Became the universal mode,
 Was wisdom's, and was valour's covering,
 Your only wear to play the lover in; 170
 What wonder, if the fair, combin'd,
 Had shut themselves from all mankind?
 Or come in crowds, with virtuous rage,
 To his *Sir Fopling* from the stage,
 His own dimensions, who, forgetting 175
 Beneath a giant's geer was sweating.

'T WAS in a wood, whose shades confer
 A rural amphitheatre,
 The social brutes, their stage a rock,
 Assum'd the *buskin* and the *roc*, 180
 The green-room *Nature* govern'd, she,
 Sole manager and patentee,

G

Cast

146 THE ECONOMY

Cast with such wisdom every part,
 Each was the *Garrick* of his art.
 The *lion*, worthiest of the ring, 185
 Who play'd with dignity a king,
 A *tyger* plots to get dethroned,
 And place the crown upon his own head—
 A dark conspirator that mocks
 All rule of duty; while the *fox*, 190
 Prime-minister, dispens'd abroad
 His promissory smile and nod.
 A generous *bull* perform'd the lover,
 His faithful confident was *rover*,
 A *beifer* heard his amorous vow, 200
 With all the prudence of a cow.
 The lower parts, 'twere vain to draw—
 As *wolves* were barristers at law.
 Their clients *sheep*, or, some say *geese*,
 But rather bare of plume and fleece. 205
 The feather'd minstrels of the grove
 Perform'd the overture above.

The play began; at every pause,
 The pleas'd spectators roar applause,
 So loud you'd think the *Gargan* wood 210
 Rebellow'd to the *Tuscan* flood.

“Heavens!

“Heavens! what a fuss is here,” ex-
claim’d

An APP, whom jealousy inflam’d,

“*Their looks, their carriage, and their spi-
rit!*

“No doubt the creatures have some merit,

“So have their *dresses*; lend me these, 216

“You’ll see that other folks may please

“As well as those you fondly doat on.”

He cry’d, and flipt the tyger’s coat on,

Then fabricates a smile to say, 220

“*Indifferently graceful!—ha?*”

Impetuous laughter shook the crowd

At once; and ev’n his friends allow’d

The *tigrine mode*, on his assuming,

Not universally becoming. 225

Their sneers confuse, but not convince:

He seiz’d the mantle of the *prince*,

Practis’d awhile, behind the scene,

The royal manner, gait and mien,

Took council of his heart, and mirror, 230

Nor mark’d, self-satisfy’d, one error,

But while in act the crown to tie on,

Was conscious he look’d all the lion.

The curtain draws; on each by-stander,
 Mistaking gloominess for grandeur, 235
 A kind of tragic frown he gleam'd :
 'Twas something that so ill-beseem'd,
 (Say all the critics physiognomic)
 His face, insuperably comic,
 That sceptre, robes, and crown forgot, 240
 They hiss'd his kingship on the spot.

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THE
REFORMERS.

F A B L E II.

She, who malignant tears an absent friend,
Or, when attack'd by others, don't defend ;
Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
And courts of prating petulance the praise ;
Of things *she* never saw, who tells the tale,
And friendship's secrets knows not to conceal,
The *woman's* vile ;—here *Briton* fix your mark ;
Her soul is black, AS HER COMPLEXION'S DARK.
FRANCIS'S *Hor.*

SLANDER, which all the wise agree,
Like its concomitant, bohea,
Who use it, robs of health and rest,
Is still—sad truth !—the general taste.

Foul child of envy and ill-nature, 5
All-practis'd, all-exploded satire,
With equal foot still smites the door
Of palaces, and where the poor

Dwell

150 THE ECONOMY

Dwell with content, till she appear,
 And force from innocence a tear. 10
 With *Titan* fury now she stands
 Hurling her sacrilegious brands
 Against the throne : no rank exempts,
 Age, sex, or worth, from her attempts.

AUGUSTA! thou, whose soul contains
 Whate'er of good or great remains 16
 Man's native dignity to shew,
 To none but honour's foes, a foe,
 Thy virtue's adamantine shield,
 Celestial panoply, repell'd, 20
 But not exempted from, her rage,
 Thy life, a satire on the age.
 Back on themselves rebounds the dart,
 And rankles in their fever'd heart.
 As bats, and owls, obscene, detest 25
 The sun, in golden radiance drest ;
 So knaves and fools indignant view
 Faith, friendship, piety, and you.

This gangrene of the soul, whose air
 Breathes pestilence, is fatal there, 30
 Beyond the moral leach's skill,
 Where grows th' immedicable ill.

In

In wisdom's eye, when *Lesbia* rails
 Or, with malignant grief, bewails
 A sister's error, while she speaks, 35
 Grace dies upon her own warm cheeks ;
 A livid paleness seems to spread
 O'er the ripe fruitage, glowing-red,
 Of beauty's lip ; the dimple deep,
 Where all the loves their revels keep, 40
 Hardens to frowns, or wrinkles dire,
 Chilling in every breast desire :
 The untun'd voice harsh, the ear pains,
Deformity with *discord* reigns.
 Hence tedious *celibacy* waits 45
 (The doom denounc'd by angry fates)
 On those, whose busy tongues reveal
 What female candour should conceal.

Founded

V. 36. *Grace dies.*—] He that speaketh evil of any one maketh himself look ugly.

QUINTILIAN.

V. 39. *Beauty's lip*—] 'Tis an observation of the highest authority, that every man will kiss those lips which give a *right* answer ; but surely no one will desire to kiss those lips, which are embittered with reproach, or defiled by dirty and *censorious* language.

BARROW.

152 THE ECONOMY

Founded on truth's eternal base,
This maxim may preserve your face : 50
" Where envy, pride and malice swell,
" There beauty never deigns to dwell."

In *Pandæmonium* thus the race
Angelic, studious to debase
Heaven's younger sons, in serpent's hiss,
Amere'd of beauty and of bliss : 56
Who

V. 51. *Where envy, &c.*—] Of all the appearances, methinks a *smile* is the most extraordinary. It plays with a surprising agreeableness in the eye, breaks out with the brightest distinction, and sits like a *glory* in the countenance. What a natural encouragement to good-humour ! As much as to say, IF PEOPLE HAVE A MIND TO BE HANDSOME, THEY MUST NOT BE PEEVISH, UNTOWARD, AND CENSORIOUS.

Discourse on the Aspect.

V. 53. *Pandæmonium*—] See *Milton's Paradise Lost*, Book X.

down they fell,
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the *dire form*
Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they
meant,
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from their *own mouths*.

Who would indulge that potent evil,
Which chang'd a seraph to a devil?

Admit that *Chlœe* was to blame ;—
Shall I be first to blast her fame ? 60
Have I no faults myself ?—I'd ask
My heart,—a necessary task !
Impartial search—ere I presume
The censor's sacred chair assume :
No blemish that I'd wish to save 65
From envy's jaundic'd eye ?—I have.
Shall I then judge ?—'twere want of sense,—
Injustice,—nay, 'tis impudence !

G 5

A faintly

V. 67. *Shall I then judge ?*—] The scope of the poem is to impress on our amiable country-women an habitual conviction of these great and interesting truths : 1. That a disposition to censoriousness is necessarily destructive of personal beauty. 2. That it is almost an infallible evidence of demerit in those, who indulge it.—Exemplified by the fable—persons of exalted virtue, and unblemished reputation are never forward to suspect those of others. Hence that celebrated saying of the ancients: Calumny killeth three—him, *of* whom it is spoken—him, *to* whom it is spoken—and *him, who speaketh it*. The harangues of the slanderer prove one thing at least—that he himself is envious, proud and foolish.

PHILOGUNE.

A faintly Fox, and prudish Cat,
 Had once a solemn *tête à tête* ; 70
 “ Dear cousin,” thus the fox begins—
 “ How I deplore the nation’s sins !
 “ A lady—you’ll excuse her name—
 “ As from the *Coterie* we came,
 “ Of neighbour wolf a story told, 75
 “ Which made my very blood run cold.
 “ A sheep, it seems, a harmless creature,
 “ As any in the realm of nature,
 “ Fell in her way, on whom she seiz’d,
 “ And, tho’ it begg’d to be releas’d 80
 “ With cries would pierce a heart of stone,
 “ She pick’d it, cousin, to the bone.
 “ But that her ladyship, who said it,
 “ Is worthy of implicit credit,
 “ I’d scorn a story, which reflects 85
 “ Such vile dishonour on the sex.

“ All carnal appetite, you know,
 “ I have extinguish’d long ago ;”
 Cry’d *Prue*, demure, “ and now you see,
 “ The reason, the necessity : 90
 “ Did but the least remains, my dear,
 “ Of such a passion harbour here,
 “ Myself,

" Myself,—my life I should detest."
She said,—and smote her hollow breast.

A thoughtless cock, wak'd by the sound,
That instant lighted on the ground ; 96
" Wretch," cry'd the faint, " predestinate,
" By everlasting laws of fate,
" T' incur my wrath, nor be forgiven ;
" Obey, as I, the will of heaven." 100

She said and eat.—The virtuous cat
Turn'd from the sight :—when lo ! a rat,
In prime of youth pass'd by :—*What means
This tumult in a vestal's veins ?*
She cry'd, and grasp'd the trembling crea-
ture, 105
Obedient to the laws of Nature.

" Heaven's !" quoth a SPIDER dame,
who stood
Quaffing a fly's delicious blood,
Just o'er their heads :—" And are there
brutes

" So void of those sweet attributes, 110
" Compassion, mercy,—all that decks
" With genuine grace our softer sex !
" Well,

156 THE ECONOMY, &c.

“ Well, thank my stars, my soul is free
“ From every shade of cruelty. — 114
“ This deed, with stygian horror black,
“ Will fright my vile hysterics back. —
“ Aim, satire, aim at such thy shaft !”
She said, and took her morning draft.

One moral from the tale must come ;—
The censurer's eye should look at home,
Weed o'er and o'er the mental garden,
And pity those, she cannot pardon, 122
Or know, henceforth no art shall hide her
Resemblance to — CAT — FOX — and SPI-
DER.

THE

T H E
CHOICE OF THE PARROT.

F A B L E III.

Sometimes a lucky saying, or a pertinent reply, has procured an esteem of *wit*, to persons otherwise very shallow, and no ways accustomed to utter such things, by any standing ability of mind. So that if such an one should have the ill-hap, at any time, to *kill* with a smart saying; it ought, in all reason and conscience, to be judged but *chance-medley*: the poor man (God knows) being no ways guilty of any design.

SOUTH.

DEAR *Sophy*,—one day thus began my
lord, serious,
Your conduct of late has been something
myfterious;
With *Sir Timothy Tinsel* to dance the whole
season,
Gave the censors alarm;—I profess, child,
with reason:
That he's mighty particular with you, they
tell us, has, 5
In other respects, been observed at *Cornelys's*.
Now,

158 THE ECONOMY

Now, pry'thee declare by what charm, or
invention,

A wretch so absurd should engage your at-
tention ?

To doat on a fopling what arts can have
funk ye ?— 10

He bows, smiles and dances;—why, so
does your monkey.

Nought but envy, papa, would attempt
to evince ill

Of that worthiest of creatures, *Sir Timothy*
Tinsel,

(The daughter reply'd, and blush'd indig-
nation,

Too plain to elude my lord's penetration)
His personal merit the world must acknow-
ledge ; 15

And because the dear fellow ne'er study'd
at college,

Does that prove to one of your lordship's
discerning,

That the baronet's void of all sense, wit,
and learning ?

The

The suspicion, I'm certain, had stood up-
on no foot,

Had you heard what he said to the dowager

Crowfoot : 20

He came in a pink suit of silver embroid'ry,

She mutter'd out something of foppish and
tawdry :

My lady, says he,—it was at the *Ridotto*,

Biddy Languisher wish'd it the slanderer's
motto,

Your la'ship he cry'd:—I shall do it in-
justice ; 25

'Twas an answer, in short, like the bed of
Procrustes,

Every

V. 26. *Procrustes*.—] This gentleman was a *buck*
or *blood* of *Attica*, much celebrated in ancient days for
the peculiarity of his amusements. He used to seize
upon poor travellers, and compel them to measure
themselves on a certain bed, which he kept in his
den ; where, if they were too short, he diverted
himself, by stretching them out to the exact length,
and if too long, by chopping them off. He was at
last killed in one of his frolics by *Theseus*, to the
great discouragement of *practical wit* ; his followers
at the present day being obliged to content them-
selves with breaking lamps and windows, knocking
down

160 THE ECONOMY

Every fat'rist will fit, and will torture for
ever;

And *iliad* of all that is poignant and clever!

And would my dear *Sophy*, the father
rejoin'd,

On the credit of one reply make up her
mind?—

30

To a mere *Mr. Single-Speech* offer her heart,
To have and to hold it, till death us do
part?—

To chuse him companion for life there is
small room,

Because a beau once made you laugh in a
ball-room.

Force

down a few old watchmen, and terrifying women with
child. History has recorded but one more genius of
equal spirit:—being told by a vintner, that the wait-
er, whom he had just thrown out of window, was
killed on the spot—he coolly answered, why then
charge him in the bill. N. B. Common thieves,
highwaymen, house-breakers and murderers can hard-
ly be reckoned of this society, because *they* are gene-
rally mischievous from want and necessity; whereas
the *blood* or *procrustean* breaks the peace, the head,
or, upon occasion, the heart of a fellow-creature,
merely from *exuberance of vivacity*.

Force and violent measures, you know, I
 abhor all— 35

But hear a short story, and find out the
 moral.

On the first day of April, his wife being
 buried,

An old country squire to Westminster hur-
 ried,

Of *the rational parrot* the same having
 heard of,

And him, or his kindred, would purchase,
 a bird of :— 40

Most wisely concluding, his prattle so
 merry

Would answer the place of his now silent
 deary.

Well !—he hastes to the shop, there hears
 the relation

Of their character, parentage, birth, edu-
 cation.

One parrot, the moment the squire stood
 next to him, 45

Profess'd himself happy to pay his respects
 him ;

This

162 THE ECONOMY

This sold him a bargain :—a bird of great
levity ;—

That ask'd what's a clock, with an alder-
man's gravity :

One the place of king's trumpeter, chal-
leng'd most clear,

Then swore, like a trooper, he would be
lord mayor. 50

This *liberty* ! bellow'd—that *grievances* !
whined,

And seem'd like a monster to speak from
behind ;

You'd swear it, so filthy and false was his
song,

He'd liv'd upon *news-papers* all his life
long.

This jabber'd, and slabber'd, and drivell'd
his gills on, 55

And growl'd like a *Wolfkin*, and howl'd
like a *W*——.

He

V. 56. *Growl'd like a Wolfkin, and howl'd like a W*——.] This latter is an animal, *sui generis*, and would long ago have been shut up with the other wild beasts in the tower, but that, having no teeth
to

He thought—each by rote could so blast
and defame—

That *patriot* and *parrot* were one and the
same.

Unable the merit of each to discuss,
He was lost which to fix on for better for
worse. 60

While thus in the task of selection dis-
tracted,
One bird o'er the rest all his notice attracted.

With the airs of a beau,

He sail'd to and fro',

His eyes,—what Cupids in them lie! 65

He wore on his head

A feather of red,——

The *Nash* of the whole gay assembly.

Thou minion of *Iris*!—for sure thou art
her son,——

If the charms of thy mind equal'd those of
thy person ; 70

Of

to bite, the utmost effort of his malice amounts only
to howling, mumbling, and scratching—serving only
to make fools merry, and wise men sad.

BRITISH ZOOLOGY.

Of all I have yet seen, how far beyond any
one,

Would I chuse thee, says he, for my friend
and companion !

But tho' thy mild carriage has set me agog,
Thou hast not one word now to throw at a
dog.

" I THINK, SIR, THE MORE," cry'd the
bird, in a thrice :— 75

Enough this.—In raptures he paid down
the price :

The sum, tho' enormous, pray, who would
not give

For a wit's conversation, as long as we live ?

But, *Sophy*, remember, ere homeward
he'd far gone, 79

How sorely the squire repented his bargain :
Not a word *à-propos* could he get from him
after,

But nonsense too stupid,—too low e'en for
laughter ;

Or fullen, and silent, whole months would
he sit,

Tho' professedly bought for good-nature,
and wit.

Out

Out of patience, at length, he thus spoke
to the elf:— 85

“ Dire plagues on the blockhead!--worfe
plagues on myself!

“ Who, without due experience, for one
word in season,

“ Could chuse thee for life, as a creature
of reason!”

THE
C A T.
F A B L E IV.

As virtue never will be moved,
Tho' vileness court her in a shape from heaven ;
So *lust*, tho' to a radiant angel link'd,
Will seat itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
My tables !---meet it is I set it down ;
A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

SHAKESPEARE.

CHLOE, 'tis said, you frequent stand,
Where *Wilton's* promethéan hand
Marshals his mimic men ; and view,
With wonder, and with pleasure new,
The false creation, so much like the true !
This basis, which you most revere, 6
Boasts an *Apollo Belvidere* ;
With down-cast head, that form so striking,
The *Farnese Hercules*, by *Glycon* ;
Its contrast, on the neighb'ring stone, is
Love's favourite, and yours, *Adonis*. 11
Yes,

Yes, in your choice your taste is shewn,---
Man's softer graces all his own.

But, Madam, could it e'er be guess'd,
That form, which harmony has dress'd,
Should hide—the omen heaven avert!
A brain of *lead*, and heart of *dirt*?

Such, *Chlœe*, is the wretch you prize,
And hope to render good and wise—
A RAKE-PROFEST—his shape and air, 20
'Tis true, were Nature's fondest care;
But

V. 20. *A rake profest*—] With the ladies it is a kind of general maxim, that the *best husband is a reformed RAKE*. The belief of it is an incontestable proof, that with the true character of a *rake* they are unacquainted. “ They have indeed heard of a *wild* “ young gentleman, who would rake about the “ town, and take up his lodging at a bagnio; who “ had told many a girl, a pretty story, that was fool “ enough to believe him; and had a right to many a “ child that did not call him father: but that in some “ of these frolics he thought no harm, and for “ others he had sufficiently suffered”—These are words of dreadful import and should be always thus understood;—

“ To rake about town, and lodge at a bagnio, is “ to associate with the vilest and most abandoned of “ human

168 THE ECONOMY

But sense and virtue, both deny'd,
Can never, never be supply'd
By human art.—In honour's school,
He stands impracticably dull, 25
Cold, heavy, hopeless, like the other,
And venal as his leaden brother.

Daughters of Britain! all attend
The caution of a faithful friend;
From this, the *woman's* saving creed, 30
Be never tempted to recede:

“ Whoe'er

“ human beings ; it is to become familiar with blas-
“ phemy and lewdness, and frequently to sport with
“ the most deplorable misery ; to tell pretty stories
“ to credulous girls, is to deceive the simplicity of
“ innocence by cunning and falshood : to be the fa-
“ ther of a nameless progeny, is to desert those,
“ whose tears only can implore the protection, to
“ which of all others they have the strongest and
“ the tenderest claim ; it is more than to be a man
“ without affection, it is to be a brute without in-
“ stinct. To think no harm in some of these frolics,
“ *is to have worn out all sensibility of the differ-*
“ *ence between right and wrong ;* and to have
“ suffered for others, *is to have a body contaminated*
“ *with diseases,* which in some degree are certainly
“ transmitted to posterity.”

DR HAWKESWORTH.

“ Whoe’er with cool, deliberate art,
 “ Once lures a sister to desert
 “ The peaceful paths of innocence,
 “ Is lost to honour, virtue, sense; 35
 “ Irrevocably lost!”——

What charms, what medicine may controul

His loathsome leprosy of soul?
 The evil, rooted in the bone,
 Is cur’d, if cur’d, by miracle alone. 40

Experience, hoary-headed dame,
 Regards their task as much the same,
 Who strive to blanch an *Ethiop*’s hide,
 Or speak to rest the tumbling tide
 Of dashing cataracts, or bind 45
 With terms of peace the maddening wind;
 And who to purge, with precept, try
 Inveterate impurity.
 No *HERCULES* in virtue able,
 To cleanse the mind’s *Augéan* stable, 50
 The *beast*, once batten’d there, his scent
 Will poison all the tenement;
 While o’er the deep—admitted stain,
 A whole *Alphéus* rolls in vain.

H

Should

170 THE ECONOMY

Should you, all credulous impart 55
 That pearl of mighty price, your heart;
 Unconscious of its worth, he soon,
 Perhaps ere wanes the honey-moon,
 The rifled casket spurns to dust,
 And proves a *B-lt-m-re* of lust. 60

You think the wretch has wit and sense--
 'Twill only teach him to dispense
 With all his oaths to you, and keep
 His conscience, not his vice asleep.

A CAT, with sensual passion fir'd, 65
 His master's *Nightingale* admir'd,
 He ever, near her wiry casement,
 Grown meek and gentle to amazement,
 His station, like a swain in vogue, held;
 There ogling purr'd, and—purring ogled.

Betty, one fatal night, forgot 71
 The portal of her cage to shut;
 He saw—her guardian's eyes were clos'd,
 And scarce one obstacle oppos'd.
 “Life of my soul!—Oh! seize, he cries,
 “Th' occasion pitying *love* supplies; 76
 “Now,

“ Now, charmer ! from thy jail descend ;
 “ Now free thyself, and bless thy friend :
 “ The tyrant sleeps ;—this moment fly
 “ To me,—to love,—to liberty.” 80

She paus'd ;——“ he was sincere, she
 hop'd : ”——

In short, poor *Philomel* elop'd.
 But (hear and tremble !) scarce the ground
 Received her, ere the victim found,
 Imprudence to destruction draws, 85
 And cats are brutes with teeth and claws.

Reynolds ! thy pencil let me borrow,
 To paint the master's rage and sorrow.—
 “ Perfidious, most ungrateful fiend !
 “ Admitted as my bosom friend, 90
 “ Couldst thou destroy my little charmer ?
 “ Perdition on the wretch could harm her !
 “ My hospitality abus'd
 “ And to so base a purpose us'd,
 “ Death, instant death awaits thee.”——

Here 95
 The hypocrite shed many a tear,
 Pleaded the force of youthful passion,
 But vow'd a thorough reformation :——

172 THE ECONOMY, &c.

If ere he touch'd another *bird*
Wish'd he might starve, hang, drown, un-
heard. 100

By looks of sorrow, specious wording,
He scap'd :—but once inur'd to *birding*,
Quickly relaps'd our felon-cat,
And next seduc'd a simple *bat*.
His oaths star'd sternly in his face, 105
And thus he shew'd the marks of grace ;
“ Child, as a *bird*, you're safe for me,
“ But with a MOUSE I must be free.”
The quibble satisfy'd our bruin,
And the poor bat met instant ruin. 110

The heart corrupted once, the head
Too seldom stands in virtue's stead ;
The wit of knaves but serves to prove
All things are lawful that they love.

THE

THE
GARDENER AND THE BRAMBLE.

F A B L E V.

PROMISING is the very air of the time ; it opens the eyes of expectation. *Performance* is ever the duller for his act, and, but in the plainer, and simpler kind of people, *the deed is quite out of use*. To promise is most courtly and fashionable.

SHAKESPEARE.

WELL, we admit—the person then
Affords no rule to judge of men ;
A swain may dress, dance, bow and smile,
And yet be worthless all the while.

A woman, who becomes a wife, 5
Elects a partner for her life ;
Imprudence here, nor future care,
Nor sad repentance can repair ;
Her die is thrown :—there's no resource,
But death, or worse than death, divorce. 10

To marry !—'tis a mighty task,
Does every care and caution ask,
Experience,

174 THE ECONOMY

Experience, slow and sure, t'impart
 Some knowledge of the human heart,
 Left, when blind passion chiefly rules, 15
 You fix on cowards, knaves and fools.

A tyrant studious to invent
 Some dire, unheard-of punishment,
 Did, to his mind, at length, contrive one ;—
 Bound a dead body to a live one,—— 20
 Proclaim'd no hand should dare dissever
 The culprit and his corpse, for ever.
 By marriage thus a virtuous mind
 To any slave of vice conjoin'd,
 Like him, *corruption's* doom'd to bear, 25
 Nor feels a burthen less severe ;——
 At home,—abroad—at board and bed,
 Lives, and converses with the *dead* !
 Nor death to life more opposite,
 Than vice to virtue, wrong to right. 30
 From such preposterous union spring
 Pain, sorrow, hatred,——every thing
 But happiness ; the lot of those
 Who seek their lilly and their rose,

In

O F B E A U T Y. 175

In *soul*, and not in face alone, 35
And fix where honour builds her throne.

Honour, the child of virtue, brings
Content from cottages to kings.
And hand in hand they walk, to give
Those joys that make it life to live;
The brow serene, no art can forge,
And dwell with CHARLOTTE and with
GEORGE.

Hence mutual worth and sense, we own,
Give nuptial happiness alone.
'Twixt fool and fool, 'twixt vice and vice
Eternal discord must arise; 45
But truth and truth for ever run
In necessary unison,
The corresponding minds combine
To form a harmony divine. 50

Sappho, pray, listen to your spinnet,
You'll hear spontaneous music in it,
Whene'er you raise the vocal lay,
Untouch'd tho' every chord and key,
You

176 THE ECONOMY

You joy,——it joys,——you mourn,——it
mourns; 55

And faithful note for note returns :

Such symphony be sure to find,

When virtue-tun'd, in every mind.

“ But man's corrupt throughout the na-
tion.”

'Tis yours to *look* a reformation, 60

Did every coxcomb meet from you,

'The frown to folly justly due ;

Your favours would you think a trust

Repos'd to bless the wise and just :

On such were all your smiles bestow'd, 65

'Twould grow the fashion to be good.

Love then, a supplement to law,

Might keep the general world in awe ;

Your hate condemn, your anger scourge,

'Till every CHARLOTTE found a GEORGE.

Well! your philosophy is pleasant,— 71

May do in time :—But for the present,

Say whither shall a virgin wander ?

“ To me,” exclaims the smooth *Philander*.

“ One honest heart, forever true 75

“ To beauty, virtue, and to you,

“ Acceptance

“ Acceptance claims ;—it has been try’d,
 “ In love’s fierce furnace purify’d :—
 “ Proves standard gold without alloy ;
 “ Take, and be rich in nuptial joy.” 80

Nay, softly, generous sir!—And pray
 Where, when was made this same assay ?
 Produce your witnesses ; does fame
 Allow this merit that you claim ?
 ’Twere easy, sure, to have it shewn 85
 By other tongues beside your own.
 Great worth, by modesty attended,
 Is seldom by itself commended.
 In wisdom’s eye your praise may hurt you,
 For vanity’s no kin to virtue. 90

AURORA just began to spread
 O’er Nature’s face a lovely red,
 With dewy diamonds was adorning
 The laughing fields ; in short, ’twas morn-
 ing.
 The GARDENER sought his favourite
 haunts, 95
 To hold sweet converse with the plants,
 Scarce had he turn’d the garden-wicket,
 Before a BRAMBLE in a thicket,

178 THE ECONOMY

His kind attention begg'd to steal
A moment from the public weal. 100

A bramble speak!—A critic cries;
Absurd impossibilities!
Yes, Sir, it surely might in fable;
'Tis prov'd that plants are *irritable*—
The fam'd philosopher *Hilleus* 105
Himself discover'd in—*Linnæus*,
They've sexes, eat, drink, sleep, like you;
They love,—they hate;—nay, marry too:
The *Cryptogamous*, if you please,
Deal in *clandestine* marriages: 110
High proofs of reason, as you trace,
In many of the human race:
And man degenerate to a stalk,
Why not allow a tree to talk?
Should you authorities demand, 115
Enough are ready to my hand;

In

V. 109. *Criptogamia*—] Hidden marriages, the twenty-fourth class of the *Linnæan* system of botany. It consists of such plants as conceal their fructification, having their flowers either *within* the fruit, or so small as not to be perceptible to the naked eye.

V. 114. *Why not allow a tree to talk?*—] See the prologue to the first Book of *Phædrus's* Fables.

In the Greek epigram, of old,
 A *vine* appears a downright scold:
 Another book would make it clear——
 Too sacred to be mention'd here. 120

Sir,—now proceeds our plant, with spi-
 rit,——

Do justice to a tree of merit ;—
 The *brambles* never were intended
 Merely to keep your hedges mended,
 Or stand, like porters, at your door, 125
 Expos'd to all the winds that roar.
 No, sir, about the reign of *brute*,
 Our family held high repute,
 And search some ages longer past,
 You'll find us all the public taste. 130

“ My

V. 117. *In the Greek epigram—*] The vine to
 the goat. In this epigram, the vine threatens the
 goat, that altho' he should brouse him down to the
 very roots, he will yet, in spite of his teeth, bring
 forth fruit enough to be poured upon the goat when
 he comes to be *sacrificed*.

V. 119. *Another Book—*] See the ix chap. of
 Judges, 8 verse. This is perhaps one of the most
 ancient fables in the world. And we have the autho-
 rity of the sacred volume for introducing the *bramble*
 as an emblem of vanity and self-conceit. Verse 15.

180 THE ECONOMY

" My great-great-grandfire, of renown,

" Was nominated to the crown.

" No plant boasts better blood than we,

" In all the realms of *botany*.

" But boasting hurts me to the root :—

" Sir, do you value form or fruit ? 136

" Observe these gently-bending arms,

" The line of beauty must have charms :

" I need but hint these things to you,

" Whose judgment's so correctly true. 140

" This variegated leaf behold,

" Distinct with vegetable gold,

" Its colour, justly to determine,

" Is velvet green, lin'd thro' with ermine.

" Consider what I've briefly said, 145

" And take, oh ! take me to your *bed* :

" Once planted there, your walls include

" A miracle of gratitude ;

" My fruit is nectar ;—and for flowers—

" Lord, what a thing's a rose to ours !" —

" Thou tree of sov'reign virtue ! pardon

" This late admission to my garden," 152

Cry'd

V. 132. *Nominated to the crown*—] See Judges
as above.

Cry'd simple John, and plac'd her there,
 Exhausting all his skill and care.
 Vow'd that he ne'er had heard her worth:—
 The world was envious, and so forth.—156
 Blam'd his own negligence; but now
 He'd hang his heart upon her bough.
 The dappled morn, the twilight grey,
 And all the intermediate day, 160
 Attempering heat, cold, damp and driness,
 He'd watch and wait upon her *highness*.

He did;—and now, astonish'd, mourns,
 To find his garden fill'd with *thorns*;—
 The leaf of velvet and of ermine, 165
 Proves a mere harbour for the vermin;
 Her beauty-bending arms but stretch
 To poison all within her reach;
 Her flower a weed;—and to conclude
 Her nectar'd fruit, vile, coarse, and crude.
 And how to root her out again—— 171
 Aye, there's the labour, and the pain!

What are his profits?—this alone,
 One rule experience made his own;
 Never to trust *self-praise* again, 175
 Whoe'er the speakers, plants, or men.
 Ere

182 THE ECONOMY, &c.

Ere on his heart they shall entrench,
Resolves to know them root and branch.

What wonder, pick'd up in a ramble,
Your *jeffamy* should prove a *bramble*? 180
Credulity, in search of bliss,
“ Puts rancours in the vessel of your peace.”

THE

T H E
APPLE-TREE and the MONKEYS.

F A B L E VI.

I would not be understood to discourage that natural modesty in the sex, which renders a retreat from the *first* approaches of a lover, both fashionable and graceful:—all that I intend is, to advise them, when they are prompted by *reason* and inclination, to DEMUR only out of form, and so far as decency requires.

ADDISON.

W I T H *Scylla* there, *Charybdis* here,
Life's happy voyager must steer
A middle course; the whirlpool's thunder
May drive him on the rocks to founde.
Too rashly trusting to the seas, 5
Millions have shipwreck'd all their ease,
And coldly cautious, millions more,
By pressing on the faithless shore

Credulity's the poet's theme;—
But there's an opposite extreme, 10
Suspicion,

184 THE ECONOMY

Suspicion, which destroys no less
 Your virtue and your happiness.
 The *cat* and *bramble* you conclude on't
 Proclaim aloud ;—" *Ye fair be prudent.*"
 Yes, ever prudent ;—but from hence 15
 Should you be *prudish* too, your sense,
 Your beauty, nature is distorted,
 And our philosophy perverted :
 Those fables aim'd not to disparage
 An early, but a hasty marriage. 20

Fortune and form at once conspir'd
 To make *Prudelia* soon admir'd ;
 The wealthy, virtuous, wise, polite,—
 Nay, one in whom all these unite,
 Offer'd his hand ; her friends approv'd, 25
 She ask'd her heart, and found she lov'd.
 Why hesitate a moment then
 To give it to the best of men ?
 She would be woo'd, and not, unfought,
 Bestow herself too soon, she thought ; 30
 Decorum, modesty require,
 Or mode some penance from desire.
 His pleaded reason long she heard,
 But still her own consent deferr'd,

Prompted

OF BEAUTY. 185

Prompted by prudery, or pride, 35
In short, 'till poor *Eugenio*—dy'd.

Some years were pass'd: howe'er the
maid did

(Her vernal blossoms something faded)
Retain a kind of *autumn* beauty,
Which kept fresh lovers still on duty. 40

This but confirm'd her native error,
And sunk her to a mere *demurrer*.

Nor was the tedious process o'er,
Until she verg'd on forty-four ;
Then did her mellow honours drop, 45

Plump, without shaking, on a fop.
The thing which most her soul abhorr'd
Save celibacy's ape-ty'd cord.

For authors of the legend write,
Who Hymeneal bands shall slight, 50
For penance must, to man a foe,
Lead monkeys in the world below.

Prudelia, thus become a wife,
Was led by *her*'s for term of life ;
Joyless she liv'd, and hopeless dies, 55
No daughter's hand to close her eyes,

No

V. 42. *Demurrer*—] See the *Spectator*, No. 84.

No son to tell a future age,
 Her name, or speak his parentage ;
 Bidding a tasteless world adieu,
 She left one legacy to you, 60
 Ye slaves of pride, and false decorum,—
 This fable hung out *in terrorem*.——
 If you receive the friendly strain,
Prudelia did not live in vain.

IN th' olden time, when brutes and trees
 Convers'd with dignity and ease, 66
 A beateous APPLE-TREE in bloom,
 Enrich'd the zephyrs with perfume.
 The lordly elephant, the breed
 Of royal lions, stag, and steed, 70
 To her address an humble suit
 To be the guardian of her fruit.—
 Begg'd that she'd drop one leaf—to shew
 Which was her favourite below.
 She thank'd them for their generous care,
 But 'twas too early to *declare* ; 76
 She knew them all for brutes of honour,
 And therefore could not take upon her
 Th' important mark so soon to tois' 'em :—
 She said ;—and blush'd thro' every blossom.

They

They watch'd the vegetable maid, 81
'Till all her bloom began to fade,
And then entreated she'd elect her
Own favourite, as sworn protector;
For now advanced apace the season, 85
When honour's sacred laws, and reason
Demanded her resolve, that free,
The rest might serve his several tree.

Studious their question to evade,
She shook the honours of her head;— 90
“ She knew too little of brute-kind,
“ So suddenly to speak her mind:—
“ Petition'd for a longer day,
“ Justly the worth of each to weigh.”
For pride suggested if she could 95
Detain them all, the neighbouring wood,
Confessing her attraction great,
Must envy, and admire her state.
The suitors saw her drift and fir'd
With just resentment all retir'd; 100
Left her defenceless to the ravage
Of every creature tame and savage.

Next

Next came a tribe of *bulls* and *bears*,
But these her pride at once forswears;
With self-applause she cast a look 105
On the broad mirror of a brook,
“ And wonder’d much, she said, from
whence
“ Proceeded their impertinence.
“ This baby-bloom, which I despise,
“ And ever shall—I see it flys; 110
“ But all such trifles gone and o’er,
“ She still had *golden fruit* in store,
“ And ne’er would throw herself away
“ On such low animals as they.”

The summer now was hasting by, 115
Nor did one brute of worth apply :
Her blossoms dead, her leaves turn'd yellow,
And all her fruitage growing mellow,
Despair had seiz'd her, and, supply'd
The place of petulance and pride ; 120
But that a band of MONKEYS came,
And ply'd with flattery the dame :—
She

She smil'd applause.—They strove to grapple,

Without more form, the dangling apple ;
 They leapt ;—it shook her to the root ; 125
 Sudden down dropp'd the wrinkled fruit,
 Scarce hop'd for by themselves so soon,
 And plump'd upon an *old baboon*.

He seiz'd that earnest of her charms,
 And crawl'd, slow-fumbling to her arms :
 There, squinting horrid love, he stood 131
 The guardian of her sapless wood,
 Which once the grace and pride, now
 proves

The laughing-stock of all the groves.

Accept, ye fair, Prudelia's song, 135
 And dare not to *demur* too long,
 Such as of leaves the generation,
 Is love-inspiring youth's duration :
 To flourish long no art can cause 'em,—
 And beauty's briefer than the blossom ! 140

THE
L O T T E R Y.

F A B L E VII.

When two people of no genius or taste meet together, they fill up the *lumber* of human life, without beneficence towards those below them, or respect to those above them; and lead a despicable, independent, and useless life, without sense of the laws of kindness, good-nature, mutual offices, and the elegant satisfactions that flow from reason and virtue.

SPECTATOR.

MAN, KNOW THY SELF; the rule was
given,

If ancient bards say true, from heaven.
Consult thy head and heart, and thence
Learn thine own rank and consequence;
Nor sentiment, nor science there, 5
Love's generous reign is not thy sphere.

Hence, ye profane!—as well the birth
Of worms, that darkling mine the earth,
May

May criticise fair *Iris*' bow,
 And light's refracting powers know :— 10
 The heavy-gaited toad pretend
 Motion's true grace to comprehend,
 As *sordid* souls, to know, or prove,
 The raptures of exalted love.

'Tis not mere animal desire, 15
 Nor *Plato*'s mild ideal fire ;
 But that by this reform'd, must give
 And bid connubial transport live.
 Without chaste *delicacy* dies,
 At once the magic of the eyes, 20
 Chaste delicacy, not in you
 Alone, but in your husband's too ;
 And since she never rul'd man's breast,
 Till sense and science were his guest,
 The *coxcomb*'s flame, to state it right, 25
 Is passion, hunger, appetite,
 And marriage, to your cost, will prove,
 'Tis any thing but lasting love.

Who bear the honour'd *husband*'s name,
 Are trusted with your peace, your fame,
 Your person, soul almost—receive
 All that a woman has to give.

Hence

192 THE ECONOMY

Hence must their bosoms be endu'd
 With seraph-glowing gratitude,
 Or Hymeneal Cupid soon 35
 Will abdicate his joyless throne.
 But even gratitude, we find,
 Demands some dignity of mind—
 More, all agree, than can reside
 With earth-born ignorance and pride. 40

But when ingenuous minds you fire,
 And such your hand and heart require,
 The sacred trust, ye fair, bestow,
 Secured of all that's bliss below.

Then let the million'd merchant mourn,
 Or titled ignorance, forlorn, 46
 Their slighted love; the rich in sense,
 Blest with a decent competence,
 Are rich and great enough for you,
 That heart-felt happiness pursue. 50
 But still let delicacy guide,
 O'er every word, look, thought preside;
 That only is, as time will shew t'ye,
 The WIFE'S *economy of beauty*:
 Thro' every hour of life it gives 55
 A thousand raptures, and receives.

For

O F B E A U T Y. 193

For years, that spoil the face, improve
The mind,—sole source of generous love.

If these are truth, how melancholy
The views of ignorance and folly ! 60

No ; *self-conceit* in those is plac'd
Instead of sentiment and taste ;
And that such confidence bestows,
As real merit rarely knows :
Their satisfaction springs from hence ; 65
They doubt not their own worth, or sense.
Thus fools pretend to wit, the knave
To moral dignity, the slave
To vice of mental freedom boasts,
Ogles the *minin* beau, and toasts ; 70
Nay swart deformity assumes
The robe of grace ; but each presumes,
Thro' the pert, self-applauding crew,
His soul prepar'd for love and you.

Let them presume ; ye caution'd fair,
Attend the fable, and beware. 76

I

[OVE

JOVE made a LOTTERY ;—heaven's wide
wickets

Flew open for the sale of tickets :

The prizes capital were treasure,
Fame, titles, power, peace, and pleasure;
Some mental graces were provided, 81
Combin'd with these, or subdivided.

The price,—a vow, or wish alone,
For every son of man had one.

Chance turn'd, and drew ;—she that ne'er
slumbers, 85

Brisk *hope*, receiv'd, and read the numbers;
Silence, the child of *expectation*,
In person took the beadle's station.

But 'twere an endless task to tell,
To whom the several prizes fell ; 90
How this had genius, that had wealth,
Or titles, beauty, power or health,
Some ten, some twenty *talents* drew,
And some perhaps but one or two :
Suffice it to be understood, 95

The greatest came to—GEORGE THE GOOD;
'Twas *virtuous wisdom*, all that can
Adorn and dignify the man.

Not

OF BEAUTY. 195

Not the much-envied powers that dwell
In talking, but in doing well, 100
Filling life's offices in youth,
By maxims of eternal truth.

Exalted character!—where blend
King, patriot, husband, father, friend,
And all the charities that here 105
Improve existence, or endear.
Conscious of inward greatness, HE
Ne'er took an alms of flattery,
Or beg'd one eulogy for state;
Who praise HIM best must imitate: 110
HE reads his history in the eyes
Of all the good, and all the wise.
Conscience approves;—'tis all we know
Of solid happiness below.

Cry'd ENVY, is it thus, great *Jove*.
Your impartiality you prove?— 116
To give the prize of dearest worth
To your own delegate on earth?
In spite of crowns to make him blest,
The first of mortals, now the best! 120

196 THE ECONOMY

No, *Jove*, we see at every glance,
This could not be the work of *chance*.

To please, and punish them at once,
He gave to every murmuring dunce
Fresh tickets, which to all supply 125
Nor wit, nor worth, but *vanity*,
Rich vanity;—they seiz'd their lot,
And grew important on the spot.
Self-love, or humour, or caprice
Gave every fool the *golden fleece*. 130
Or, as in style of men 'twould sound,
Each had the TWENTY THOUSAND POUND.
Science and nature seem'd to roll
Their richest tributes to their soul,—
To shew their hidden charms, and bring
Capacity for every thing. 136
Such

V. 129. *Self-love, or humour*] —Humour cannot exert itself to that extravagant degree in the ladies, which it often does in the male sex. For if ever any thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a woman, I think it little more than an acquired folly, or affectation. We may call them the *weaker* sex, but I think the true reason is, because our follies are stronger, and our faults more prevailing.

CONGREVE'S Letters to *Dennis*.

Such the *fop's* patent and commission ;
 His knowledge ?—all by intuition :
 Hence without reading critics, hence
 Loud patriots, without worth, or sense,
 And gentle love is every fool's pretence.

So maggots o'er their native dirt
 Awhile on flimsy pinions flirt,
 Reptiles at morn, ere noon they fly,
 And in an hour affect the sky.

Deluded by the specious show,
 Should female innocence bestow
 Her rapture-bringing hand on those ;
 For life she's fetter'd to her foes :
 And soon shall disappointment dart
 Its scorpions thro' her hopeless heart.

'Tis hard ;---but woes without redress,
 Patience alone can render less.

A W I F E

A

W I F E I N A B A G.

F A B L E VIII.

After this manner do both sexes deceive themselves, and bring reflections and disgrace upon the most happy, and most honourable state of life.—Whereas if they would but correct their depraved taste, moderate their ambition, and place their happiness upon *proper objects*, we should not find felicity in the marriage state such a wonder in the world as it now is.

ADDISON.

PASSION and prudence both her guide,
Clelia became a raptur'd bride ;
Her swain had every manly grace,
Benevolence illum'd his face :——
Was virtuous, learned, in a word, 5
By right, as well as rank, a lord.

Genius of *Moore* ! whose tales impart
True knowledge of the female heart,
Could'st

Could'st thou divine, with such a spouse,
My lady should repent her vows? 10

Alas! *poor Yorick*!—thou too gone!
The task must then be all my own,
To take, for never will return ye,
Her bosom's *Sentimental Journey*,—
Search every province of her mind, 15
The latent spring of grief to find.

The *Hymenéal* visits o'er,
Her ladyship look'd gay no more;
A husband finish'd to the nail—
Rank, riches,—nothing could avail 20
To satisfy her wants and fancies;
But wherefore?—why, she reads romances.—
Fastidious, hence her grief began
To find my lord was but—a man;
Hero, or *Demigod*, a creature, 25
Free from th' infirmities of nature,
Her vast idea fills alone;—
Nay, he must bend before her throne,
In trembling adoration still,
Nor dare exist, unless she will. 30
Too wise for joy, no soul was fillier,
A touch, a word, a look familiar,

To

THE ECONOMY

To fiends of spleen resign'd her breast,
 Dissolv'd in grief, or broke her rest ; 34
 Her whims indulg'd—he seldom speeded,
 His silence from contempt proceeded ;
 Hence she assum'd, to cure his flouting,
 The sullen dignity of pouting ;
 Oppos'd—she flew to tragic ranting.
 And all was fury, fits, and fainting. 40

Ye sober few, who dare defy
A circulating library !
 That plague, which disappointment brings,
 Like skreech-owls, borne on leathern wings,
 To damp the joy of many a pair, 45
 Whom Nature meant for love sincere ;
 “ Not to expect, is all I know,
 “ Can make you blest, or keep you so.”
 Ye *female Quixotes*, curse the day,
 When *N—ble's* authors came in pay ; 50
 The *faultless monsters* they have list'd ;
 Existences that ne'er existed,
 Without one line, limb, look or feature,
 Drawn from the book of human nature,
 Like chattering sprites shall haunt your
 lives, 55
 Whene'er you venture to be wives.

Man

Man—need you learn a truth so common?

Is but a coarser kind of woman;

At best no more; and must, like you,

Want pardon and indulgence too: 60

But, if his general life be right,

Shall trivial faults offend your sight?

Discover'd not by choice, but chance,

Seen every where, save in romance.

The *wife's philosophy* is this:— 65

Doubting her own sense more than his,

Since from some errors none is clear,

Those faults to which the flesh is heir,

To wink at in a husband;—try

His virtues how to magnify: 70

Persuaded, tho' the fates should let her

Exchange, she might not for a better;

But, when perfection's sought in vain,

Be glad to take her own again.

So warns, unhappy to offend, 75

Your sex's guardian, lover, friend.

But, lest our humble precepts fail,

Here follows, by your leave, a tale.

Involv'd in mental gloom, a SWAIN

Walk'd darkling o'er the sun-bright plain;

I 5

False

Man

False delicacy made his mind 81
 For earthly blessings too refin'd ;
 Foredoom'd, he dreamt himself, to know
 Disgust in all things, like *Roussseau*.
 Chief, as he summ'd the woes of life, 85
 He felt, or thought he felt, his wife ;
 Her faults he could not say, or sing,
 No matter—still she's not *the thing*.
 Would fate permit to chuse again !
 O *grief of griefs* !—that wish is vain. 90

Not so, quoth *Jove*, and fair and soft,
 Wasted the *murmurer* aloft,
 “ You blam'd the fates, sir—this is their
 house,
 “ Here, take my warrant ; search the
 warehouse ;
 “ Look at those bags. Now suit your
 wishes ; 95
 “ They hold not wind, as erst *Ulysses*’,
 “ But women, sir ;—I mean, they shew
 “ The qualities of all below.
 “ Nay, stand not thus a mere beholder,
 “ But lift them freely to your shoulder ;
 “ What most commodiously you bear,
 “ And carry, without galling, there, 102
 “ Contains

“ Contains her qualities, who best
“ Of all on earth can make you blest.”

He bow'd:—the pleasing task begun,
And weigh'd them, cautious, one by one;
'Twere vain each essay to recite, 107
This was too heavy, that too light;
'Thousands were neither, did he need 'em,
Might serve; but perfect ease and free-
dom, 110
These were his objects. Well, at length,
He found one suited to his strength,
He shoulder'd it:—“ *Heureka!*—*Jove,*
It fits me neater than my glove:
Nor short, nor long, nor wide, nor nar-
row, 115
'Tis balsam to my bones and marrow;
In weight exact too; not a hair
Deficient, no, nor one to spare.
Grant me, dread fire, but such a wife,
And I'm completely blest for life.” 120

“ There take her:——now unrip the
binding,
And let us view this lucky finding.”

He

He did, and—wonderful to shew !
 Out popp'd his own dear wife below !

“ Shame burn thy cheeks, preposterous
 elf! 125

Who made thee wretched, but thyself ?
 Alike the fool, and fool-refin'd,
 Must change, indeed, but 'tis their mind ;
 Till then, be this their mark, or adage ;
 The fault's in *me*, and not my *baggage*.” 130

Why laugh, ye fair ?—the fable's true,
 Change but the sex, of some of you.

THE
BLACK BIRD AND THE BULL-FINCH.

A
TOWN ECLOGUE.

FABLE IX.

—————to guard
Your tender beauties from the blasting taint
Of courtly gales. The delicate, soft tints
Of snowy innocence, the crimson glow
Of blushing modesty, there all fly off,
And leave the faded face no nobler boast,
Than well-rang'd, lifeless features.

ELFRIDA.

CORINNA from the *coterie* had flown
Two hours at least, and press'd the fever-
ish down,
On scraps of scandal still her fancy fed,
And *L—ne's* loud laugh re-rattled thro'
her head;
Shorne of its infamy *divorce* walk'd forth, 5
And *pleasure* banish'd *decency* from earth,
Religion

206 THE ECONOMY

Religion follow'd, but her pace seem'd
flow :---

Visions! or hardly realis'd below.

Th' *aurora-scullion* to the hall made way,
Unbarr'd the shutters, and produc'd the
day; 10

There, in the window, by a curtain's shade,
Where all a *ventilator's zephyrs* play'd,
A BLACK BIRD, and a piping BULL-FINCH
hung;

And thus, melodious gossiping, they sung:

BULL-FINCH.

Why sit we mute, while early traders
throng 15
To hail the morning with the voice of
song?

Why sit we sad, when lamps so fast decline,
And, but for fog and smoke, the sun would
shine?

Hark! the shrill *muffin-man* his carol plies,
And *milk's* melodious treble rends the
skies, 20

Spar'd

OF BEAUTY. 207

Spar'd from the synagogue, the *cloathsmen's*
throat,

At measur'd pause, attempers every note,
And *chairs-to-mend*! with all is heard to
join

Its long majestic trill, and harmony divine.
Your roundelay by Nature only taught, 25
Your voice and manner prove you newly
caught,

Guileless of taste, some powers indeed you
share,

Who, and whence are you? let your song
declare.

B L A C K-B I R D.

Me, hapless me, this night, from rural
shade

Some hand conducted, or some coach con-
vey'd. 30

Woe worth the day, which first *Corinna*,
thee

Seduc'd from peaceful pleasure, and from
me!

Blest, tho' a captive's fortune doom'd to try,
My cage was all the world when she was by.

I knew

208 THE ECONOMY

I knew no morning but her rosy cheek, 35
 And all was music when she deign'd to
 speak ;
 And much she spoke : her words so soft
 and free,
 What warbler of the grove but envy'd me ?
 Her eyes that watch'd my wants, their lov'd
 employ,
 Those suns, that gave me life, and light,
 and joy, 40
 Are lost—*Corinna* quits her plummy care,
 And all is discord, darkness, and despair.
 Say, gentle friend, know you the lovely
 maid ?
 In pity tell, ah ! tell me where she's stray'd.

BULL-FINCH.

Corinna ! yes, I know her simple swain :
Cornelys sooner shall proclaim in vain 46
 Th' approaching *gala* ; or *St. James's*
 bell
 From *White's* to prayers one losing lord
 impel,
 And high-born, longing lovers learn to
 spell ;

Sooner

Sooner the *beau* enflame his eyes with read-
ing, 50

Or blushes cease to prove a want of breed-
ing ;

Sooner *Heinel* shall really thank the nin-
nies,

Who let her *slip*, and *slide* away their gui-
neas ;

Sooner the gentle *Quaverum* forego,
To keep the poor from starving—*Millico* ;
Sirman reduce her head to Nature's plan,
Or mincing *macaroni* make a man ; 57

Than I that fashionable name disown ;

" Not to know her would argue me un-
known."

Ye links ! whose sun-shine thro' the mid-
night gleams, 60

Ye morning kennels ! many colour'd
streams !

Ye *Naiads* ! listening thro' your evening
grate ;

And thou *Salmonean* thunder at the gate !

If I forget, bear witness to my shame,

Or evening, morn, or night *Corinna's*
name. 65

Her

210 THE ECONOMY

Her servant I, this house her own domain,
And consecrate it stands to *pleasure's* reign.

B L A C K - B I R D.

O early lost ! for ever lov'd ! adieu,
Some other bears that name endear'd by
you.

Yes, my *Corinna* calls no house her own, 70
All is her lord's, and he is her's alone ;
I heard her vow to honour and obey,
I saw her keep her vow from day to day,
Good nature with good sense, her art and
guide,

Though three years wedded still she bloom'd
a bride, 75
Each rich in each, had all the world could
boast,

Their sole ambition to oblige the most ;
Easy abroad, when forc'd abroad to roam,
But happy only in themselves at home.

Ye ringdoves ! pattern of connubial
love, 80
And thou sweet soother of the darkling
grove.

Dear

OF BEAUTY. 211

Dear Philomel ! thro' all your tribes de-
clare

Know you a truer, or so blest a pair ?

What turtle, widow'd by the fowler's
dart,

Heard her poor orphans with a softer
heart, 85

Than she her infant's moan, his wants to
know,

The sob of sorrow, and the tale of woe.

BULLFINCH.

Some *homely* joys once my *Corinna* try'd,
'Till *fashion* laugh'd her from her husband's
side,

Ere the *bon-ton* had rush'd into her heart, 90
Or taught her man and wife might live
apart ;

While yet she started at the *chichestrey*,
And *masquerades* were thought on with dis-
may.

Hail

Hail *sacred love of cards!* 'tis thine to
give

Fashion's last touch, and teach the great to
live. 95

To thee we owe it that *Corinna's* face
So soon rejected every vulgar grace;
Late hours are thine, hence sickliness in
state,

And all the lovely languor of the great:
Hence taste in chusing cheeks and lips is
shewn, 100

And Nature blooms in roses not her own.
Genius of play! what power with thee
shall vie

To point with passion every rolling eye?
Hope, fear, and sparkling rage, a decent
train,

The modern graces, speak thy golden
reign; 105

And these were her's, they to her breast
retir'd,

And *love's* pert fireworks, one by one, ex-
pir'd.

The

The wife's low duties, and the mother's
charge,

Engage no more—she loves the world *at*
large.

My lord's complaints—for such complaints
flow fast 110

From vulgar bosoms unsubdu'd by taste—
His rash remonstrance, she, with patient
ear,

Took counsel of her card-purse when to
hear,

And oft she heard them; 'till unkindly
cross,

Tho' poor five thousand guineas all she
lost, 115

She——let his brutal avarice bear the
blame—

To pay her debt of honour, pawn'd her
fame:

A separate maintenance she claim'd of
right,

And now *Corinna's* every thing polite.

BLACK-

BLACK - BIRD.

POLITE! no doubt, that's happy in extreme ; 120

I envy not, but wonder at your theme,
And thus in darkness, smoke and fogs to
sing,

This may be *taste*, perhaps—*polite*—the
thing.

Foolish, I thought that *Nature's* simple
plan

Propos'd true bliss to woman, bird, and
man ; 125

And happy in my error let me die,
For thus *Corinna* thinks as well as I.

He spoke, he dy'd ; across the hall she
came,

And shew'd the ruins of his former dame,
'Twas *HIS Corinna* too ; the sight oppress'd,
With sorrow, shame and rage his throbbing
breast. 131

'Twas

O F B E A U T Y. 215

'Twas she, but ah! how chang'd, one year
had stole,
Grace from her cheek, and virtue from her
soul.

Pantheon'd, gala'd, masqu'd ridotto'd
right,

Night turn'd to day, and day of course to
night, 135

One *fashionable* winter, hardly o'er,
(Believe, ye fair! and sigh for town no
more,

But let your native groves, and rivulets
please)

Pleasure had done the business of disease.

“ Some natural tears she dropt, but
wip'd them soon,” 140
And ordered *tables* for the afternoon.

So when some *turtled* knight has eat his
last,
Her ladyship with decent horror grac'd,
Looms

216 THE ECONOMY

Looms from the side-box, on sweet *Shuter's*
night,
And hung with *dismals* meditates de-
light. 145

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THE
M E R M A I D.
F A B L E X.

Beauty must suffer no diminution by inelegance, but every charm must contribute to *keep* the heart, which it contributed to *win*. Whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the *lover*, must, with yet greater diligence, be concealed from the HUSBAND. The most intimate and tender familiarity cannot, sure, be supposed to exclude *decorum*.

HAWKESWORTH.

BLESS me, my dear! so early down;
Your head dress'd, in a morning gown;
Your very *disbaille* I vow,
Neatness itself from top to toe!

Yes, cousin, I have never varied, 5
I'm thus exact *because* I'm married;
Those honest arts by which we gain,
Must still be practis'd to retain.

K

The

HE

The wife, like other conquerors,
 (Love has his camp as well as wars) 10
 That citadel, a husband's heart,
 Must *keep* and *win* with equal art ;
 Who sleeps on guard, may wake to see
 The triumph of an enemy.
 A mistress is a *volunteer*, 15
 May serve a month, perhaps a year,
 A mere *cadet*—but rais'd a wife,
 She's bound to duty all her life ;——
 A post of vigilance, 'tis true,
 But 'tis a post of honour too ; 20
 Nay, more in wonder to enwrap ye,
 'Tis a commission to be happy.

Corinna careless of her duty,
 And no *economist* in beauty,
 Like some young heir, profusely gay, 25
 Squander'd that stock of charms away,
 Which manag'd by a frugal wife,
 Had cherish'd love as long as life.
 At home, her spirits were so ill,
 She pouted always *disbaille*, 30
 But

But the next moment name a *party*,
 What woman half so brisk and hearty!
 'Twas then she put her *cestus* on,
 And in her brightest radiance shone,
 Would, prodigal, on coxcombs pour 35
 Such loveliness, in half an hour,
 As beam'd in her domestic sphere,
 Had bless'd my lord thro' all the year.
 What wonder therefore she should prove
 A *bankrupt* in connubial love? 40
 We know her fault, as well as fate,
 And dreading this must fly from that.

What! can you ways and means discover
 To keep the husband still the lover?
 To make his choice his duty follow? 45
 Oh speak! and be my great *Apollo*.

Hear and attend, I boast no less—
 Whate'er that charm of mien or dress,
 Of gentle speech, or winning smiles,
 Or delicacy, which beguiles 50
 The wisest hearts, or dear good-nature,
 Or the mild, pity-soften'd feature,

220 THE ECONOMY

Or mirth, or sanctity of manners,
Which brought him first to *Cupid's* banners ;

That is thy magic zone, ne'er doubt it, 55
Or risque one interview without it ;
That shall awake, thro' life untir'd,
The passion that it first inspir'd ;
As faithless we shall seldom weep him,
Thus tutor'd in THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

NERINE, daughter of the main, 61
The fairest of the mermaid train,
Saw, as she floated near the strand,
A youth in contemplation stand,
Whose faultless figure, in a trice, 65
Around her heart dissolv'd the ice ;
And set a lambent fire in motion,
Unquenchable by all the ocean.
She sigh'd aloud ;—a virtuous flame
No creature then esteem'd a shame,— 70
Close where he walk'd pursu'd her way,
Beneath the crystal of the sea ;
There told her love, at each emerfion,
In vain ;—for *fish* was his averfion.

But

But as the soft drop, falling still, 75
 Will thro' the solid marble drill,
 And melt the rough flint by degrees ;
 So her solicitude to please,
 Ev'n chang'd her nature ; now a *scale*,
 That crusted, like a coat of mail, 80
 Her snowy form, and now a *fin*
 Dropt off, beneath the waves, unseen.
 Mermaid no more at length he found her
 With every *love*, and *grace* around her ;
 She seem'd—who saw her will aver ;— 85
Venus, or lady CARPENTER ;
 He claim'd her for his own, and led,
 With rapture, to the bridal bed.

What time she pass'd, “ Reflect, my
 dear,”

Thus *Pallas* whisper'd in her ear, 90
 “ That unremitting wish to charm,
 “ Which beautified thy mind and form,
 “ That, only that can banish quite
 “ The fin and scale from *Strepson's* sight :
 “ Know once divested of that wish 95
 “ The married mermaid's but a *fish*.

“ Be

222 THE ECONOMY, &c.

“ Be this thy principle thro’ life;—

“ Proceed, and be a blessed wife.”

Save that she of oft was known to hold
Her comb of elephant and gold— 100
That frequent washings were her choice,
And harmony itself her voice;
She ne’er expos’d, by deed or feature,
One vestige of her pristine nature.

VIRTUE,

VIR

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v

VIRTUE, GENIUS and REPUTATION;

OR, THE

FAMILY-PARTY.

FABLE XI.

Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep *Sabæa's* spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along *Arabia's* shore.

MORE.

THE SAGE suppos'd that VIRTUE might
Be visible to mortal sight.

This happen'd once; how long awhile
hence—

The records pass it o'er in silence.

But

V. 1. *Sage*—*Plato*. See Tull. Offic.

224 THE ECONOMY

But positive is each memorial, 5
 She really took a form corporeal,
 Was not too light; nor what you'd call
 grave;

But something like the lady *Walgrave*,—
 Appear'd so charming, her relation

GENIUS, and cousin REPUTATION, 10

Provok'd, it seems, by her example,

Study'd awhile *Hogarthi's* line,

And of the human face divine

Both took a reasonable sample.

GENIUS like *Henley* sallied forth, 15

And REPUTATION—*Lady North*.

Their scheme was only to bestow
 Some time with mortals here below,
 Make the *grand tour*, and see the world.
 Think them on board, their sails unfurl'd,
 Ploughing the globe-surrounding ocean, 21
 Their journey holding thus discourse on :

Dear girls, says GENIUS, tho' agreed,
 Together we must still proceed,

Like

V. 12. *Hogarthi's* line.—Analysis of beauty.

V. 15. *Henley*—Now the right honourable lady
Bridget Lane.

O F B E A U T Y. 225

Like the sweet *bandy-dandy* graces, 25
 And, *tout-ensemble* shew our faces ;
 Yet should or chance, or choice divide us, }
 Methinks, 'twere prudent to provide us, }
 Some previous, general rule to guide us. }

Well thought upon, my dear, cry'd VIR-
 TUE, 30

Ere disembark'd it cannot hurt you,
 To settle that—do, cousin *Rep*,
 Advise us to the safest step ;
 You know, my dear, with what delight,
 We always kept your rules in sight. 35

Why, should we part, says REPUTATION,
 Perhaps some general regulation
 May hence result—Let each declare,
 Ingenuously, with whom, and where,
 Her taste, she thinks, will most detain her,
 And we shall easily regain her. 41

That for our clue, we must discover,
 Thro' all her labyrinths the rover.

By *Prudence* nurs'd from early youth,
 Thou child of *Decency*, and *Truth* ! 45

226 THE ECONOMY

The wise man's hope, the brave's reward,
The female's glory, friend, and guard!
GENIUS reply'd ;—Hear me impart,
The genuine dictates of my heart :
Should poor eccentric I desert you, 50
Be this the guide to you and VIRTUE.

Wherever sun-bright science can
(First friend of liberty and man)
Assert her throne, and put to flight
The sons of ignorance and night ; 55
Where'er the muse, at her request,
Shall deign to fill some hallow'd breast,
Give the fine frenzy of the soul
From earth to heaven resistless roll,
And in immortal volumes feature 60
The face of universal Nature,
And truth eternal : wherefoe'er
Or taste, or judgment shall appear,
And, with unenvious, heart-felt gust,
Point out the *beautiful* and *just* ; 65
Bestow on each, with manly spirit,
The palm of literary merit :
Where *painting's* glowing hand be found,
To spread the living canvas round,—
Tells

OF BEAUTY.

227

Tells to the eye heroic lives, 70

And all the mighty dead revives,
To plead the cause of truth again :

Or opens some ideal plain,
On which, in all their bloom, arise
Perennial springs of Paradise, 75

Hanging, at once, on many a bower,
The fruit, the foliage, and the flower,
Beneath whose shade the lowing herd
Repose, and each harmonious bird

Speaks gratitude to *fancy's* ear, 80

That seeing, we believe we hear,
And blest, indulge the mild deceit,
Till *Nature* seems to fear defeat ;

Where *sculpture's* animated brags,
Or breathing stone adorns the place, 85
Peopling the venerable shrines

With *GEORGES*, *Joves*, or *Antonines* :
There seek for me ;—midst such a train,
GENIUS was never sought in vain.

You'll find, says *VIRTUE*, to your cost,
I'm not so soon regain'd when lost. 91

In towns my favourites are but few,
In courts, perhaps,—but one or two.

I find

228 THE ECONOMY

I find the best (don't think me rude)
 Society in solitude ; 95
 I speak of mortals ; they're as shy
 Of me as of an enemy.
 Not yet convinc'd (you'll scarce believe)
 Without me 'tis not life to live.
 The man of business, or of pleasure, 100
 Will find but little joy or leisure,
 To entertain me—I shall fly
 To regions of obscurity.
 There with *religion*, whom you know
 My safest partner here below, 105
 Or with true *honour*, her relation,
 May chuse perhaps some humble station,
 Sworn to no party, prince, or church.—
 Should this discourage your research ;
 Yet know, in whatsoever state, 110
 The great man's good, the good man
 great ;
 Where'er the rich shall joy to dry
 The sorrow from affliction's eye ;
 Think all deserve, who want his aid—
 Bring modest merit from the shade— 115
 Can relish high the mental feast—
 Hope but in blessing to be blest :

The

The approbation shall regard
 Of conscience, as his best reward ;
 Where friendship shews her generous plan,
 And proves the dignity of man ; 121
 Where *love* shall wave his purple pinions
 O'er happy *Hymen's* chaste dominions,
 Nor mourn the mutual fault divulg'd,
 Or wish disloyal once indulg'd ; 125
 Where judges to their holy trust
 Are seen inexorably just,
 Save that to mercy's mild controul
 They sometimes give the melting soul :
 Where *patriotism*—much injur'd found !
 Without self-interest shall be found ; 131
 Where senates dare not to apply
 The sacred name of liberty
 To *faction's* aims ; where soldiers fight
 But for their king and country's right, 135
 Content for that to bleed, or die ;
 There search for me :—for there am I.

She ceas'd ;—when REPUTATION took
 Her turn ; and thus her caution spoke.

Tho'

230 THE ECONOMY

Tho' with the best I boast my line 140
 To be of origin divine,
 That all who know, of me must speak
 well,
 My dignity, importance equal
 With your's, or your's ; yet I must own,
 My rules amount to this alone : 145
 IF YOU EXPECT TO KEEP ME NEAR,
 WATCH WITH A JEALOUS LOVER'S
 CARE,
 NO MOMENT TRUST ME FROM YOUR
 SIGHT ;
 FOR, IF I ONCE SHOULD TAKE MY
 FLIGHT,
 VAIN WILL BE FOUND YOUR BEST EN-
 DEAVOUR ; 150
 I'M LOST FOR-EVER AND FOR-EVER !

Th' indignant muse disdains to shew
 What their reception here below—
 How *Genius* was a while caress'd,
 Just by a few of real taste, 155
 But

But as she seldom was inclin'd
 To leave her cousin *Rep* behind,
 And *she* sent *Virtue* still before,
 Who hardly knew a *mattadore*—
 Nay on a *Sunday*, 'twas aver'd, 160
 They once refus'd to touch a card—
 The facts consider'd; all the three
 Were voted from the *coterie*.
 And *Frere* had orders to declare
 The solemn judgment of the chair: 165
 “ *Genius*, perhaps had *ton* about her,
 “ But folks might play a *vole* without
 her;
 “ *Virtue* was prudish out of measure—
 “ A perfect spy upon their pleasure;—
 “ That by their latest regulation, 170
 “ *Titles* might serve for *Reputation*;
 “ For records being search'd, they find
 “ *She* was not in the founder's mind:
 “ Hence, they conceiv'd, no member
 there,
 “ Had ever thought her worth their
 care.” 175

He

He spoke, and bow'd :—the bells re-
 found,
 And *coming ! coming, ladies !* echo'd round.

Scar'd at the cry, away they flew,
 And, blushing for their sex, withdrew ;
 But scandals fresh their souls appal, 180
 “ From the great vulgar, and the small.”
 At *Tunbridge* they were *awkward Twists*,
 At *Bath* they pass'd for *Methodists*,
 At *Bristol* scoffs and sneers pursue
 them, 184
Southampton—not a creature knew them.

Thus ruin'd, they became so poor,
 To beg, alas ! from door to door,
 But not a soul would let them in,
 Until at *Kew* they met—THE QUEEN.
 SHE knew them all, their aim, and end,
 For *Virtue* was HER bosom friend ; 191
Genius SHE led with gentle force,
 And *Reputation* came, of course,

To

OF BEAUTY. 233

To court,—where all in splendor move,
Nor once regret the realms above. 195

No need, ye fair, to ask about them,
HER MAJESTY ne'er stirs without them.

THE

THE
MOCKING-BIRD.

F A B L E XII.

Luke Milbourne was the FAIREST OF CRITICS ;
for having wrote against *Mr. Dryden's Virgil*, he did
him justice, by printing, at the same time, his own
translation, which was intolerable.

DUNCIAD.

WITHIN her parlour's secret bound,
(A chosen band of friends around)
Thus *Sappho* wail'd her absent lord,
Symphonious with her harpsichord :—
Love bade her write, while war's alarms
Detain'd him from her widow'd arms.

I.

As mourns to every wind,
The bird of peerless song,
When some unpitying hind
Hath ta'en her callow young ;

10
So

So I from morn to eve,
 From eve to dewy morn,
 Have taught the woods to grieve,
 And sigh for your return.

II.

The straw-built cot, the bower 15
 Beneath perfuming trees,
 The grove hath lost its power,
 Now thou art gone, to please.
 The linnet and the thrush—
 Why would my *Phaon* go?— 20
 That sung from every bush,
 Sit hush'd in silent woe.

III.

The fragrant Jasmine shade,
 The woodbind ever gay,
 The rose appear'd to fade, 25
 When *Phaon* went away :
 The pink of liveliest red,
 That breath'd its sweets for thee,
 Hung down its languid head,
 Turn'd pale, and mourn'd, like me. 30

Illume

IV.

Illume this darkling cell,
 Our wonted joys restore ;
 Ah ! deign with us to dwell,
 And Heaven can give no more.
 Come, seek thy mourning bride, 35
 'Mid Nature's rural track,
 If *love* be not thy guide,
 Let *pity* bring thee back !

“ *Let pity bring thee back !* ”—pray, let
 it !

Left *Sappho* rhyme again, and set it. 40

(The visit done, 'twas thus a prude,
 Critic profess'd, her song review'd)
 “ What wretched stuff ! poor doating
 toad !

'Tis really worse than *Cibber's* ode.
 Whene'er in verse that creature wails, 45
 Be sure to hear of nightingales ;
 And then the lilies hand their head,
 The roses too, forsooth, must fade :—

Don't

OF BEAUTY. 237

Don't you perceive a wonderful hint
here?

Oh strange!—that flowers should fade in
winter. 50

Where were the purling streams and foun-
tains,

The sighing gales, and mourning moun-
tains? 35

How came they to escape?—Ye gods,
What havock make our modern odes
Among your works!—If this be writing,
My ears be deaf to their reciting. 56

Good-nature, candour,—such the names,
Which ignorance at present claims,—
Will palliate all.—But if true taste
Has abdicated every breast, 60
And dulness rules the world; one line
That world shall never see of mine.”

What, madam, have you never shewn
A single stanza of your own,
A critic thus expert and able? 65
Pray, read one poem more—A FABLE.

In

238 THE ECONOMY

In that new clime, whose honour'd
name

Records a virgin monarch's fame,
The feather'd poets of the spray
Were chaunting forth their heaven-taught
lay ; 70

When lo! the mighty MOCKING-BIRD
In fullen majesty appear'd.

Nature had never blest'd his throat
With one original, free note ;
But all he said, and all he sung, 75

Was echoed from another's tongue :
Envy had taught him quick discerning,
And *ridicule* was all his learning.

The song of meaner birds was free,
He spared the *wren*, as critics me ; 80
But excellence supreme was sure
His venom'd tauntings to endure ;
Merit of every kind his mark——
Beware the linnet, thrush and lark !

In short, no *Garrick* of the grove 85
Presum'd to look, to sing, or move,

But

V. 67. *New clime*—Virginia.

But straight you heard the gibing scoff;—
 The MOCKING-BIRD had *took him off!*
 A squeaking, squalling, squinting creature,
 The zany, or *tom-fool* of nature, 90
 An *outlaw'd* reputation-stealer,
 A wholesale, and a retail dealer
 In vile buffoonery, winks and nods,
 That set the feather'd world at odds;—
 Yet pleasing all, who spite admit 95
 For sense, and impudence for wit:
 He'd serv'd apprenticeship, I trow,
 To *messieurs K****, F*** and Co.*

Soft Philomel, at fall of day,
 Still sung her elegy, like Gray, 100
 And pour'd, as he, the warbled moan,
 In notes *Apollo's* self might own.
 The mocker listen'd;—caught the strain,
 And echo'd every note again.
 The liquid swell, the dying fall, 105
 He soon converted to a squall;
 Next the full shake he chose to sing:—
 'Twas flat, chromatic quavering.
 No song, in short, escap'd his throat,
 His voice burlesquing every note; 110
 The

240 THE ECONOMY

The language of the melting soul
 He made a kind of maudlin howl ;
 The tone of joy was downright scream-
 ing,
 Spoil'd both of music, and of meaning.

At length, deputed by the rest, 115
 One braver bard the sage address'd :
 " Dread sir, the happiest of us all
 Does far beneath perfection fall,
 We know, and own ; our *faults* to hit,
 Asks, therefore, little sense or wit ; 120
 Quote but a nightingale by pieces,
 He seems—just what the critic pleases.
 One rule of ours I'm charg'd to men-
 tion,
 To which we humbly crave attention :

In *truth* and *virtue's* sacred cause 125
 Who sings his best may hope applause ;
 Pardon, at least, his right may call,
 From those who never sung at all.
 Admit his descant hardly rose
 Above the pitch of humble prose, 130
 If

If fair the motives that impel,
 There's merit in attempting well;
 And tho' his flowers are but a weed,
 Th' *intent* with us embalms the deed.

Suppose, like me, he pour'd the
 lay, } 135
 T'improve the *females* of the
 spray, }
 Nor dreamt of fame, nor thought
 of pay; }
 But smitten with a zeal of fire,
 To make them all your souls admire,
 Fair, wise, and good, as heaven de-
 sign'd, 140
 'The grace and blessing of your kind;—
 'The spirit good, e'en spare the letter,
 Indulge the song, or sing a better,
 Left some mistake the critic's pleasure,
 And slight the *moral* with the mea-
 sure. 145

Who treats another's skill with loath-
 ing,
 In what himself exhibits nothing,
 L Whate'er

242 THE ECONOMY, &c.

Whate'er the study, art or science—
Bids equity and shame defiance.

A title would you fairly claim
Our songs to mangle and defame,
Publish yourself, and write your
name.” } 150

THE END.

